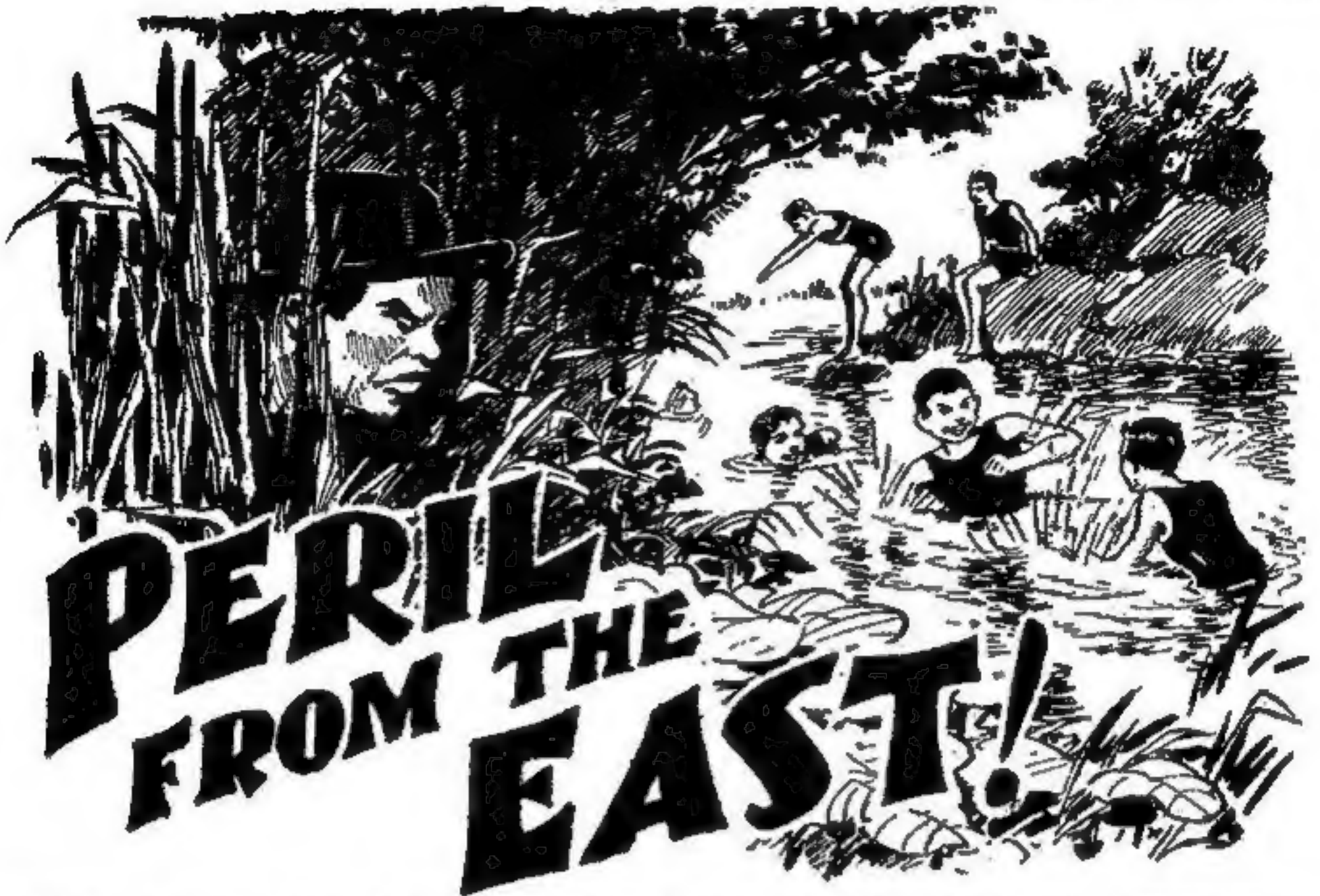


2 SOUVENIR BATS AUTOGRAPHED BY THE **AUSTRALIAN TEST HEROES** **MUST BE WON!**

The **MAGNET**²



**BOWLING OUT
BUNTER THE "CHINK"!**



THRILLERS! GEE! FRANK RICHARDS KNOWS HOW TO WRITE 'EM!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Happy Meeting!

"**B**UNTER!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter grinned. "Funny meeting you, old chap!" he said affably.

Bob Cherry did not grin.

He stared.

Bunter seemed glad to see him. But it might have been gathered from Bob's expression that he was not glad to see Bunter.

It was seldom on record that fellows were glad to see Bunter. Fascinating as his society was, fellows generally found that a little of it went a long way.

Bob had stepped out of a train at Reigate Station. He was on his way to join his friends at Wharton Lodge, where he was to spend the rest of the summer holidays with the Co. He had a quarter of an hour to wait for his train to Wimsford; and he was strolling about the station platform when he came on William George Bunter—unexpectedly.

Bunter, apparently, was waiting for the same train.

It was a blazing August day, and Billy Bunter looked very hot, very red, and very perspiring. On very hot days, Bunter found his circumference rather a bother. He really had too much weight to carry about with comfort in the dog days.

"Quite a pleasure, isn't it, old chap?" said Bunter, blinking at Bob through his big spectacles.

"Is it?" asked Bob.

"I suppose you're going to Wharton's place?"

"Yes."

"Same here."

"Oh!"

"We'll travel together," said Bunter affably. "Quite a pleasure to meet a Greyfriars man—even you!"

"Oh!"

"I've been having a ripping time, these hols," said Bunter. "No end of high jinks at Bunter Court."

"Oh!"

"I'd have asked you, old fellow—I would really," said Bunter, still very affable in spite of the lack of affability on Bob's part, "only you know how it is—we got a lot of distinguished people and I have to be jolly particular whom I ask. I thought of you, really; but

like a noisy lag at school, you know."

Bob Cherry breathed hard.

He had naturally expected, when Greyfriars broke up for the summer holidays, to see no more of William George Bunter till the next term. So it was quite dismaying to find that the Owl of the Remove was joining the cherry party at Wharton Lodge. Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull and Nugent were there, and the two Chinese juniors, Wun Lung and Hop Hi. But William George Bunter most decidedly was not required. It was quite a misapprehension on Bunter's part to suppose that no party could be a success without his distinguished presence.

The Famous Five had had enough of William George at Greyfriars—too much, in fact. Indeed Hurree Singh declared that the too-muchfulness was terrific.

"Does Wharton know you're coming?" demanded Bob at last.

Billy Bunter did not answer that question. It was rather an awkward one. Harry Wharton, certainly, did not know that Bunter was coming. Had he known, he might have taken some measures to prevent it. So it was better for him not to know it; it was a case where ignorance was bliss.

Bunter blinked along the line. "I say, that train's a jolly long time," he remarked. "Like to come into the buffet, old chap. I'll stand you some ices. I'd like one myself."

Bunter rose from the seat upon which he was reposing his fat person. But Bob did not make a move in the direction of the buffet.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Bob Cherry gave a grunt, and walked along the platform. Billy Bunter rolled after him.

The menace of Tang Wang, most powerful of Chinese Mandarins, hangs like a black cloud over the enjoyment of Harry Wharton & Co. But with grim determination and British pluck do they strive to stave off this peril from the East.

on second thoughts I realised that it wouldn't do."

"Oh!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"But a fellow gets fed up on crowds, and parties, and high jinks," said Bunter, shaking his head. "I'm fairly worn out, you know, by so much plunging into the vortex of society. I'm really rather glad to be going to Wharton's little place for a quiet week or two. I need a rest."

"Wharton will need a rest, when you've been there a week or two."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Look here, you fat bounder—"

"Don't shout, old fellow," said Bunter. "You're not in the Remove passage at Greyfriars now, you know."

"You podgy porpoise—"

"Don't yell, old chap! When you're on holiday, you ought not to behave

—WHARTON LODGE THE SCENE OF SENSATIONAL AND DRAMATIC ADVENTURES!

"I say, old chap——"

"Oh, roll off!" said Bob.

"We're travelling together, old fellow! The fact is, I'd rather like to arrive at Wharton Lodge with you," explained Bunter. "You see, Wharton may have forgotten asking me——"

"He would need a thumping good memory to remember it!" grunted Bob.

"So the fact is, I'd rather go in with you," said Bunter. "You can mention that you met me, and wanted me to come along——"

"Rats!"

"You see, Wharton's rather a beast so——"

"What?"

"Rather a beast—you know what his manners are like! But he can't very well object to a friend bringing a friend with him. See? That will make it all right if he's forgotten pressing me to come."

"Oh, my hat!"

"This is quite a lucky meeting, isn't it?" said Bunter. "I'm really glad to see you, Cherry! Not often that a fellow's glad to see you, is it, old bean?" added Bunter, with a cheery chuckle. "Blessed if I can make out why Wharton asked you for the hole."

"Eh?"

"Well, he can't like you about the place, can he?" asked Bunter, argumentatively. "How could he?"

Bob Cherry did not reply. He was considering whether to kick Bunter. It was really remarkable, that a very little of Bunter's conversation generally inspired a fellow with a keen desire to kick him.

"By the way, old man," went on Bunter, happily unconscious of the inward workings of Bob Cherry's mind. "I suppose you can lend me my fare to Wimford?"

Bob stared.

"Fathead! Didn't you take your ticket before getting on the platform?" Bunter grinned.

"You see, it's a lot of money to waste on a railway journey," he explained. "I've taken a ticket to the first station on the line. If they spot me at Wimford I shall have to pay excess fare. But it's a sleepy place, and I dare say I shall get out all right."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I dare say you'd never have thought of a dodge like that!" grinned Bunter.

"Certainly I never should."

"It needs brains," said the fat junior complacently. "You can travel jolly cheaply, you know, if you use your brains."

"You fat rotter——"

"Don't roar, old fellow; I keep on telling you you're not in the Remove passage now," said Bunter reprovingly. "Look here, can you lend me my fare at Wimford if they spot me?"

"I'll lend you my boot!" growled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! Well, look here, we'll go out together at Wimford, and you can keep the man talking, or something, while I slip by. See?"

Bob Cherry looked at Bunter. Apparently he was not only to tolerate the Owl's charming society, but he was to assist him in bilking the railway company. Bob breathed hard.

"Hallo, is that my train?" asked Bunter, as a train came rattling into the station, and stopped at the platform where they were standing. "This is the platform for Wimford, isn't it?"

Bob's eyes glimmered.

The Wimford train was not in for seven minutes yet. The train that had just come in was going on a much

longer journey. It was, in fact, the London train.

In the circumstances, Bob Cherry did not feel disposed to enlighten Bunter on that subject.

He made a rush for the train and bolted in.

"Here, I'm coming!" gasped Bunter. He bolted after Bob.

Bob had opened a carriage door, stepped in, and closed the door again. He held it shut, and grinned at Bunter from the window above.

Bunter grabbed at the door handle.

"Let me in, you beast!" he roared.

"Bow-wow!"

"I say, I shall lose the train!" yelled Bunter.

"That's all right!"

"Beast!"

Bunter tore at the handle, but Bob held the door fast from within. Bunter shook a fist up at Bob's grinning face, scuttled along the train, tore open another door, and bolted breathlessly into a carriage. And as he did so Bob opened his own door, and stepped out again.

He strolled cheerily across the platform. There was a shriek from the engine, and the train started.

From a window a fat face and a glimmering pair of spectacles glanced out, and Bunter started as he saw Bob on the platform.

"I say, you've lost the train!" he yelled, from the open window.

Bob waved his hand.

"That's all right! Good-bye, Bunter!"

"You silly ass! You——" Bunter's voice was lost in the roar of the train as it rushed out of the station.

Seven minutes later the Wimford train came in, and Bob Cherry sat down in it. As he rolled away for Wimford, he wondered, cheerily, how long it would take Bunter to discover that he was in the wrong train, and whether he would arrive at the distant metropolis before he made that interesting discovery.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Chinese I

"O H, my hat!"

Harry Wharton uttered that ejaculation involuntarily.

Wun Lung looked up with a sleepy grin.

The little Chinese of Greyfriars had a letter spread on the table before him, and was reading it.

Little Hop Hi, his young brother, sat on a cushion on the floor, with a cheerful expression on his little yellow face, tapping on a paper drum, and humming to himself as he tapped. Hop Hi—or Wun Hop Hi, to give him his full name—was making cheery music in his own Chinese fashion, while his major read the letter from home.

It was the latter that caused Wharton's ejaculation. He could not help seeing the letter as it lay spread before the Chinese Removite. Not that it mattered if it was seen, for the most private of correspondence from China could have been left anywhere about Wharton Lodge, and still remain a hidden secret. The strange Chinese characters—strange to a Western eye—were written in columns, beginning at the top right-hand corner of the page, and looked to Wharton like a set of primitive pictures.

It was hard to realise that they conveyed a clear meaning to the eye of a reader.

"Letter from home, kid?" asked Harry, with a smile.

Wun Lung nodded.

"Letter from father," he said, in his queer pidgin-English. "Plenty nicey letter from Wun Chung Lung." He grinned again. "You no savvy Chinese letter, handsome ole chap?"

"No fear!" said Harry, with a smile.

"All well at home, I hope?"

"Plenty well," said Wun Lung. "This letter takes long time come from China. All well when father write. My honourable father is well, and my honourable mother, and Hop Hi's honourable mother, all well."

Harry Wharton gave a little start.

He was well aware that Chinese customs were very different from those of the Western world; but Wun Lung's cheery remark brought the fact home to him with rather a jolt.

"I—I don't quite——" Wharton stammered. "Hop Hi is your brother, isn't he, father?"

"Nicey young brother," agreed Wun Lung. "What you calle half a brother."

"A half-brother?" repeated Wharton.

"Me belong Number One Wife of my honourable father," explained Wun Lung. "Hop Hi belong Number Two wife."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

"My pretty sister, Wun San, belong Number Three Wife," went on Wun Lung innocently. "All Chinese plenty wife."

"Oh crumbs!"

"This countly velly strange to Chinese," said Wun Lung. "Even velly rich man have only one wife. In China only velly poor man have only one wife."

"I think I'd rather be a poor man in China than a rich one, then," said the captain of the Remove.

Wun Lung grinned.

"You no savvy China," he said. "In China, spouse only one wife, she velly sad. She no likee. She cly. In England, Number One Wife cly if Number Two Wife come. Plaps she velly angry."

"Yes. I—I rather think she'd get angry," gasped Wharton. "I—I suppose things are different in China."

"Velly different," said Wun Lung. "China velly great countly. Chinese velly good and velly wise. Spouse foreign devils no come, China velly happy countly. You lend me stick?" he added, after another glance at the letter.

"A—stick? Certainly!" said Harry, astonished by the sudden change of subject. "What do you want a stick for?"

"Beat Hop Hi."

Wharton jumped.

Hop Hi suddenly ceased tinkling on the paper drum, and humming his song, and looked up at his brother with his slanting eyes.

"You—you—you're going to beat Hop Hi?" ejaculated Wharton.

Wun Lung tapped the letter with a slim finger.

"Father say beater. Last term Hop Hi no white letter. He laze. Grandfather velly angry."

"Grandfather!" repeated Wharton.

"Grandfather Wun Ko," said Wun Lung. "He velly angry, along Wun Hop Hi no white letter."

"But what has your grandfather to do with it?" asked Wharton. "Isn't that a matter for your father to decide?"

"Not in China," said Wun Lung simply. "Grandfather say beater, so

father say beaten. If not, grandfather beates father."

"Eh?"

"Beaten velly hard, big bamboo!" said Wun Lung.

Wharton gazed at him.

"How old is your father, Wun Lung?" he asked.

"Fiftee!"

"I suppose you're pulling my leg," said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

"No pullee leg," said Wun Lung. "Me likee handsome old chap velly much. No pullee leg."

"But does an old gent in China beat a son fifty years old?" exclaimed Wharton.

Wun Lung nodded.

"S'pose he angry, he beatee," he answered. "Plantee times Wun Ko beatee Wun Chung Lung, big bamboo. You lendee me stickes?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Wharton. "I—I say, can't you let the little kid off?"

Wun Lung opened his eyes wide.

"How lottee off, when father say beatee?" he asked. "S'posee me no obey father, me velly bad Chinese."

"Oh crumbs!" said Harry. "And will Hop Hi let you beat him?"

Wun Lung's eyes opened wider.

"How he no lottee, when he savvy father say beatee?" he asked.

Evidently disobedience to parents seemed an impossible thing in the eyes of the Celestial.

"Well, I—I suppose you can go ahead, if you like," said the captain of the Remove. "I—I think I'll leave you to it."

"How much you beatee me?" asked Hop Hi, looking up at his brother with patient, almond eyes.

"Twenty whackee, big stickee," said Wun Lung.

Hop Hi sighed. Wun Lung leaving the parental letter on the table, went out into the hall to select one of Colonel Wharton's sticks.

Harry Wharton passed out of the french windows to the terrace. Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent and Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh were there, sunning themselves in the bright August sunshine.

"Oh, here you are!" said Frank. "Did Bob tell you what train he was coming by?"

"No; some train this afternoon, that's all," said Harry.

"Hallo, what's that row?" exclaimed Johnny Bull, as a loud howl came from the open windows of the room Wharton had left. "Sounds as if somebody's hurt."

"The soundfulness sounds as if the hurtfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh.

Another loud howl came floating through the open windows. It came to an accompaniment of loud whacking.

"What on earth's up?" exclaimed Frank Nugent in alarm. "Those two giddy heathens aren't scrapping, are they? They always seemed like lambs."

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton, as his chums were about to rush to the open window. "It's all right! It's only Wun Lung beating Hop Hi—"

"But what—"

"Hop Hi didn't write home last term," gasped Wharton, "and his grandfather is angry, so Hop Hi is to be beaten. Wun Lung's pater has told him to get on with it—and if it isn't done, his grandfather will beat his pater—"

"Eh?"

"What?"

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"His grandfather beat his father?" howled Johnny Bull.

Wharton chuckled.

"Yes; it seems that's the custom in China! You're liable to be whacked by your pater up to fifty years old, and older."

"Great pip!"

Colonel Wharton, who was smoking a cigar in a deck-chair farther along the terrace, started and listened. He rose to his feet and came along the terrace.

"What on earth, Harry—" he began.

Wharton explained again.

"Good gad!" said the colonel; and after a moment's hesitation, tugging at his moustache, he returned to his chair and his cigar.

The yelling of Hop Hi died away; the sound of whacking ceased. Then the chums of the Remove glanced in at the window.

Wun Lung was seated at the table again, intently perusing the mysterious-looking letter from China. Hop Hi was seated on his cushion on the floor, tinkling on the paper drums, wriggling rather uncomfortably as he sat.

The atmosphere was one of peace and brotherly friendliness. Wun Lung had obeyed his father, as a Chinese was bound to do; Hop Hi had submitted patiently to the ministrations of his elder brother, as a younger brother was bound to do, for in China age is another word for authority. Now that it was over, evidently all was calm and bright!

Hop Hi, though he was wriggling, sang contentedly to the tapping on his paper drum:

"Kwa, kwa, kwa!
Chirk heia!
Chirk heia!
Kwa, kwa!"

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled away and left him to it.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Man in the Train!

BOB CHERRY, seated in a corner seat, looked from the train window as he rolled on through the Surrey countryside. There was one other passenger in the carriage, but Bob had not glanced at him; he sat on the farther side, and was also looking from the window there. Bob's ruddy face wore a cheery smile as he wondered how far Bunter would get towards London before he discovered that his fat leg had been pulled. Bob hoped, at least, that he would get back to Reigate too late to come on to Wharton Lodge that day. In Billy Bunter's case, there was no doubt that absence made the heart grow fonder.

Having tired of the scenery, Bob decided to look in his bag for his "Holiday Annual," to while away the time till he reached Wimford, the station for Wharton Lodge. As he rose to take the bag from the rack he glanced carelessly at the other passenger.

The man was glancing at him at the same time, also carelessly. His glance rested only a moment on the schoolboy's ruddy, cheery face, and then he turned to the window again.

But Bob's eyes remained fixed on the man.

He was a man of small stature and rather fat, very well dressed, and wearing a Panama hat. While his face had been turned away there was nothing about him to attract attention. But the face, with its yellow-ivory complexion

and slanting eyes, had riveted Bob's gaze. The man was a Chinaman.

His look was undoubtedly that of a quiet and inoffensive man. But the fact that he was a Chinaman, and in a train bound for the station for Wharton Lodge, struck Bob very forcibly.

Bob had not forgotten the strange events at Greyfriars just before the school broke up for the summer holidays.

Chu, the Chinaman who had attacked Wun Lung, was in prison, and not likely to be loose again for a considerable time.

But Chu had been only the agent of the Mandarin Tang Wang, in far-off China; the descendant of the ancient Minga, emperors in the pre-Manchu days.

And Chu, when he was handed over to the police, had said that Tang Wang had other agents to carry out his orders.

Wun Lung did not believe that his danger was over with the arrest of Mr. Chu. And it was with a view to his protection from a possible new enemy that he was staying for the holidays at Wharton Lodge.

Bob took his "Holiday Annual" from his bag, and sat down with the book; but he was not reading.

He was thinking hard.

There were plenty of Chinamen in England, of course, but it was a coincidence, at least, that one should be in this particular train. There were certainly not plenty of Chinamen in that quiet corner of Surrey.

Bob Cherry forgot all about Bunter now. He had more important food for thought. If enemies were still after Wun Lung, it was certain that sooner or later they could discover where he had gone when he left Greyfriars for the holidays. In that case, a Chinaman might be expected to turn up in the vicinity of Wharton Lodge.

If the man got out at Wimford, a very small and quiet country town, Bob felt that he would, at least, bear watching.

Over the top of his volume Bob glanced at the Chinaman occasionally across the carriage.

The man's rather fat, ivory-like face was expressionless. He hardly made a movement till the train ran into Wimford Station and stopped.

Then he came over to Bob's side of the carriage to look out—the platform being on that side.

Bob did not move. He was interested in noting the actions of his fellow-passenger.

The Chinaman looked out, fixing his slanting eyes on the board that bore the name of the station—WIMFORD, in large letters.

Then, instead of getting out as Bob had more than half-expected, he returned to his seat and sat down again.

He was not getting out at Wimford. Neither did Bob Cherry get out. The next station, Greenwood, was at no great distance, and he could easily reach Wharton Lodge from there by cutting across the country. And by this time Bob had made up his mind to make very sure about that Chinaman.

The train rattled on.

Six or seven minutes later it stopped at Greenwood. There the Chinaman alighted.

Bob Cherry picked up his bag, crammed his book into it, and stepped out after him.

He sauntered in a leisurely way to the exit, allowing the Chinaman to keep ahead of him.

The yellow man passed out of the

station; and Bob, having paid on his ticket, walked out also.

The fat figure of the Chinaman was in sight. He was moving along in a quiet, sedate way, and Bob followed in the same direction. Outside Greenwood there was a long, leafy lane that led towards Wharton Magnus, the village near Wharton Lodge. At the corner of that lane the Chinaman paused and peered up at the signpost. Then he started walking quite briskly along the lane.

Bob's eyes gleamed.

He had wondered whether the Chinaman had any concern with Wun Lung, and had resolved to ascertain. Now he

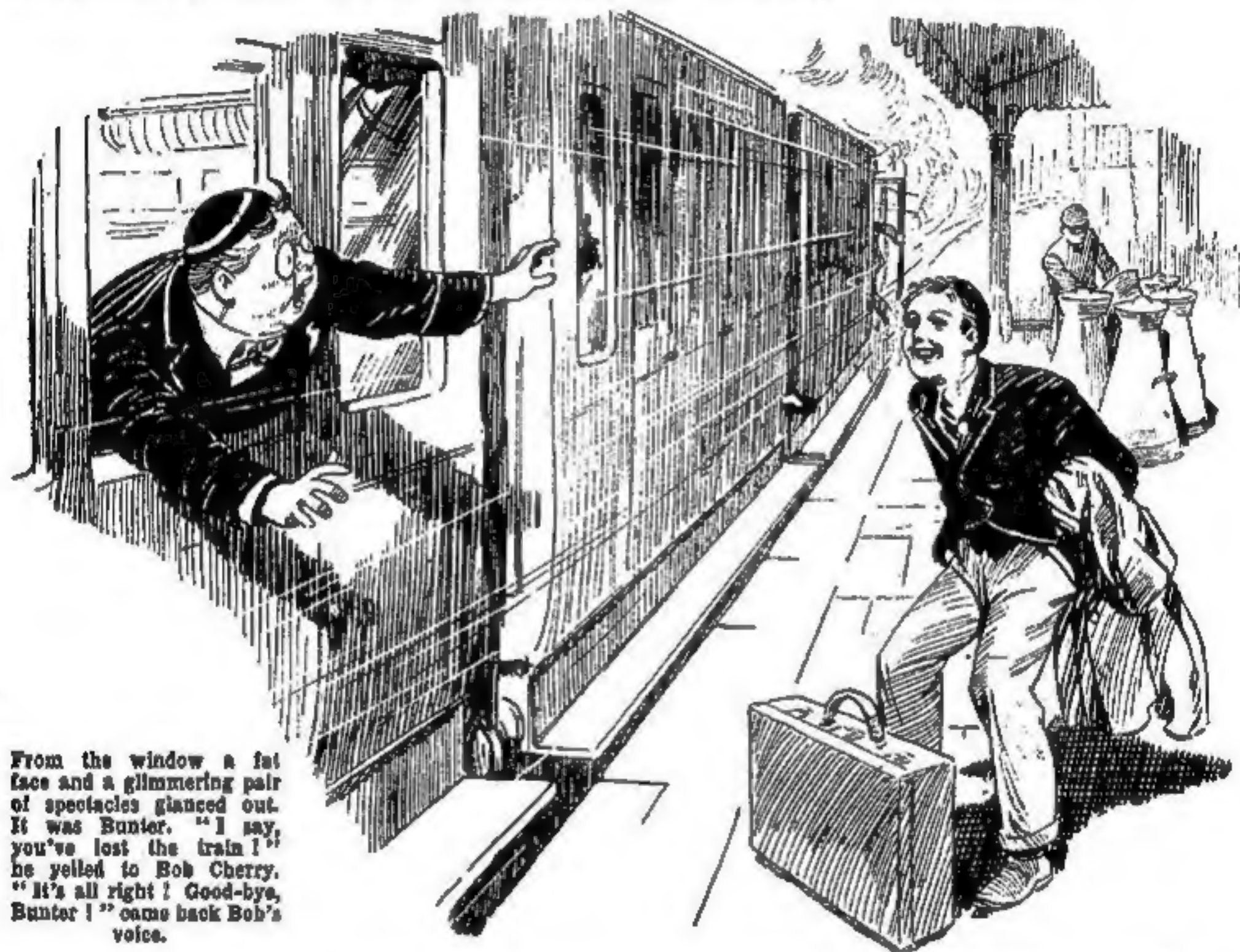
Bob saw him give a slight start. Evidently the slanting eyes, as they fixed on Bob, had recognised him as the schoolboy who had been in the train.

Bob, elaborately taking no notice of the man, walked on swinging his bag, and humming a tune.

The Chinaman stopped, and began lighting a cigarette. He struck and threw away several matches: the cigarette was long in getting alight. Bob was careful not to look at the man directly; but he felt the keen, searching, slanting eyes fixed on him, as he came up. The Chinaman was not exactly suspicious—there was nothing

Wharton Lodge. That was all that he wanted to know.

It was nearly a mile to the Lodge, and Bob swung on cheerily enough, and saw nothing more of the Celestial. But he reflected that that chance encounter in the train had been a fortunate one. Wun Lung was supposed to be safe at Wharton Lodge; but with a Chinaman lurking in the vicinity, it was necessary for his friends to be on their guard. Forewarned was forearmed; and if an attempt was made on the Chinese junior now, the enemy from the East would find the Famous Five ready for him.



From the window a fat face and a glimmering pair of spectacles glanced out. It was Bunter. "I say, you've lost the train!" he yelled to Bob Cherry. "It's all right! Good-bye, Bunter!" came back Bob's voice.

could scarcely doubt. The man had passed Wimford, gone on to the next station, and was now walking back. From Wimford to Wharton Magnus was a short walk. From Greenwood to Wharton Magnus was a long walk. Chinamen, as Bob was well aware, are seldom fond of walking. The man had not chosen the longer walk without a reason. And the reason, Bob could not help thinking, was that he had an interest in Wharton Lodge and did not care to approach the place too openly; to draw possible attention to himself by alighting at the nearest station.

Bob walked along the lane, bag in hand, at a distance behind the Chinaman.

The man proceeded at a brisk pace and Bob wondered whether he would turn his head to look round. If he was, as the junior suspected, up to mischief, he was likely to be wary.

The thought was in Bob's mind, when the man ahead suddenly glanced round at the lane behind him.

about Bob to excite suspicion—but the man was wary, alert, and taking no chances; that, at least, was how Bob worked it out in his mind. The junior passed him—the Chinaman still engaged in lighting the refractory cigarette—and walked on.

At a little distance ahead, there was a cross lane, and a signpost. Bob stopped, and looked up at the sign—in order to be able to look back without appearing to do so.

A glance was enough: the Chinaman was still standing where Bob had passed him. He was smoking the cigarette now, and apparently interested in looking over the green meadows and woodlands glowing in the summer sunshine.

Bob resumed his way.

It was obviously impossible to "shadow" the Chinaman any farther, as the man did not intend to move till Bob was gone. Neither was it necessary to watch him: for Bob was convinced by this time that his objective was

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nobody Loves Bunter!

"MASTER Harry!" Wharton looked round. "Yes, Wells?" "You are wanted on the telephone, sir."

"Right!" "I suppose it's Bob," remarked Frank Nugent. "He must have lost a train. I think—he ought to be here before this."

Harry Wharton went into the house and picked up the receiver. He, too, supposed that the call was probably from Bob Cherry, who had not yet arrived. But, as he put the receiver to his ear, it was not the powerful voice of Robert Cherry that came through, it was a familiar fat voice that was much less welcome.

"That you, Harry, old chap?"

"Oh, my hat! Bunter."

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"Yes, old fellow!" came the fat, ingratiating voice of the Owl of the Remove. "Has that rotter got in yet?"

"Eh? Who?" asked Wharton, puzzled.

"That beast, Cherry!"

"Fathead! What do you know about that?" asked Harry. "How the thump did you know that Bob was coming here to-day?"

"I met the brute at Reigate," explained Bunter. "I was coming on to the Lodge, old fellow—"

"The dickens you were."

"And that beast landed me in the London train—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He pretended he was taking that train, you know, and so, of course, I thought it was the Wimford train, and jumped in—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you laughing, you beast?" howled Bunter.

"Yes. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I'd passed nearly a dozen stations before I found out that it was the wrong train—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And then I had to wait a long time for a train back to Reigate—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You seem jolly amused about something," snorted Bunter. "I can tell you I had hardly strength enough to stagger home to tea."

There was an angry snort on the telephone. Billy Bunter, evidently, had not found the episode amusing.

"And when I got in," went on Bunter, in a thrilling voice, "I was late for tea, and Sammy had eaten all the cake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle away!" said Bunter bitterly. "Cackle away! There was only one bit of cake left, and Bessie was just bagging it when I got in. You'd think she'd have left it for me, wouldn't you? But she only bagged it quicker in case I got it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm phoning from home now," said Bunter. "From Bunter Court, you know."

"Good!" said Harry.

"Eh? What do you mean by good?"

"I mean what I say! Stay at Bunter Court. Good-bye."

"Hold on, old chap. I haven't finished yet. I say, I told that beast Cherry that I was coming to your place, old fellow—sort of little happy surprise for you—see?"

"I don't see."

"Oh, really, Wharton! My idea was to drop in, and give you a pleasant surprise. But now I suppose that brute has told you that I'm coming. That's why I'm phoning, see!"

Harry Wharton smiled and frowned at the same time. Bunter had evidently intended to take Wharton Lodge by surprise, and trust to luck to consolidate his position, as it were. Now, owing to Bob Cherry, the garrison would be on their guard, so to speak, and on the look out. So the fat junior was feeling his way by telephone.

"Look here, Bunter—" began the captain of the Remove.

"Of course, I knew you'd be jolly glad to see me, old chap."

"What on earth put that idea into your head?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Go and eat cake."

"Ho, he, he! I say, old chap, I've refused several pressing invitations, to

give you the last week or two of the vac—"

"Better look them up again, then."

"Lord Mauleverer pressed me very hard to go to the Towers—"

"Well, you know the way to Mauleverer Towers."

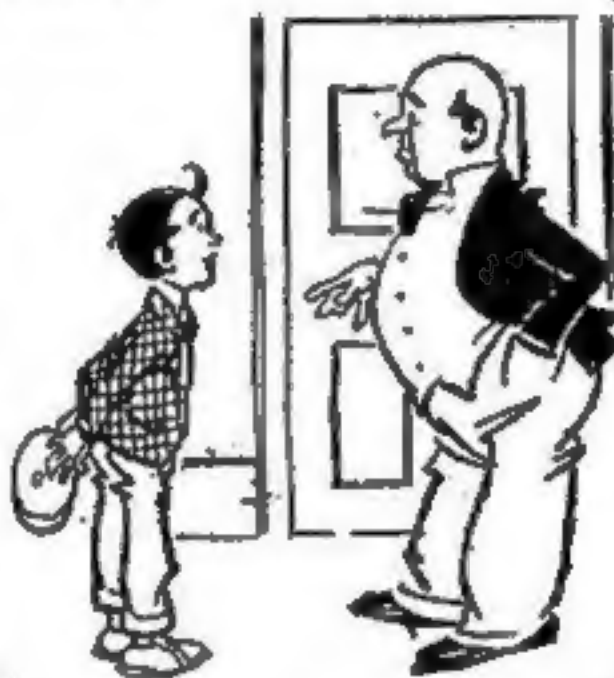
"D'Arcy, of St. Jim's, wrote me a very pressing letter—urging me to stay—"

"To stay away!"

"No, you beast; to join him for the rest of the vac. Still, I refused. I felt that I couldn't let down my old pals. I was going to give you a joyful surprise—but now that beast Cherry has warned you—I mean, now he's told you I'm coming—"

"Exactly. I shall be on the watch for you," said Harry. "Look out for a boot."

ARE YOU A JOKER? THIS FELLOW IS—And He's Won A Topping Prize for the joke below.



Disgusted Father (to worthless son): "Why, when I was your age, I was in a small business making ten dollars a day."

Worthless Son: "Yes, I know, father, but they have cash-registers nowadays!"

Pocket knife to "Magnet" Reader, 410, First Avenue, Verdun, via Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

Note.—All Jokes and Limericks should be sent to: c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

"A—a what?"

"Boot."

"Beast! Look here, Wharton, if you don't want me—"

"You've got it."

"If that's what you call ohummy, Wharton—"

"Look here, you fat fraud," said Wharton. "Last time you were here you bagged a quid from my aunt, pretending that I owed you one—you tried to borrow money from the butler—you made yourself a general nuisance, as you always do—and I can't possibly land you on the fellows; even if I could stand you myself, which I can't do! Is that plain enough?"

"Ha, he, he!"

"What are you cackling at, you fat image?"

"Your little joke, old fellow! Ha, he, he!"

"I'm not joking!" roared Wharton, "and if I find you anywhere near the Lodge, I'll boot you."

"Beast!"

"I'll jolly well go and tell the gardener, now, to turn the hose on you, if you show up!" exclaimed Wharton. "Mind, I mean that!"

"If that's the way you treat an old pal, after all I've done for you at Greyfriars—"

"Fathead!"

"How's your uncle, old chap? Has he asked after me?"

"No."

"Well, he's rather a snuffy old fat-head, isn't he?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Has your aunt asked after me?"

"No."

"Well, she's rather an old cat, isn't she?"

"I—I wish it was possible to punch a fat nose along a telephone wire!" gasped Wharton. "My hat! Let me see you within reach of my boot—"

"Is Wun Lung still with you?"

"Yes, bother you!"

"The fact is, Wharton, it's on Wun Lung's account that I've decided to come to the Lodge, as I told you before we broke up at Greyfriars. You remember I saved his life from that Chinese blighter—"

"No, I don't!"

"Beast! Well, don't you think Wun Lung would be safer if I were on the spot?"

"I don't think you'd want to be on the spot if you thought there was any danger, you fat fraud."

"Look here, old chap—"

"Oh, ring off!"

"I—I say, old chap, suppose I drop in—"

"You'll drop out fast enough. Look out for the gardener and the hose."

"Of course, I should decline to come to any place where I was not welcome, Wharton! On second thoughts, I'm afraid I can't spare you any of this vacation. With so many friends—"

"Good-bye!"

"Hold on a minute! I was thinking that, after the round of gaieties at Bunter Court, I should like a quiet time at your humble abode, old chap. But really, I hardly see how I could stand it! A snuffy old colonel, and a snuffy old aunt, and a hooligan like Bob Cherry, and a nigger like Hurree Singh, and a fathead like Bull, and a milkop like Nugent, and two putrid heathens—really, old fellow, you can't expect a chap to stand it."

"Is that all?"

"And you, too, with your rotten temper and rotten manners—no, on the whole, I'm afraid it can't be done, Wharton. I'm sorry, but it can't be done. You won't see me again till the new term at Greyfriars."

"Thank goodness!"

"Still, if you really want me—"

added Bunter, as if relenting.

"I don't!"

"Very well, go and eat cake? But look here, let me speak to Wun Lung on the phone, will you? It's rather important."

"You can't borrow money by telephone."

"Beast!"

"I'll call him, if you like, fathead!"

Wun Lung was in the hall, and Wharton called to him. The little Chinese came to the telephone.

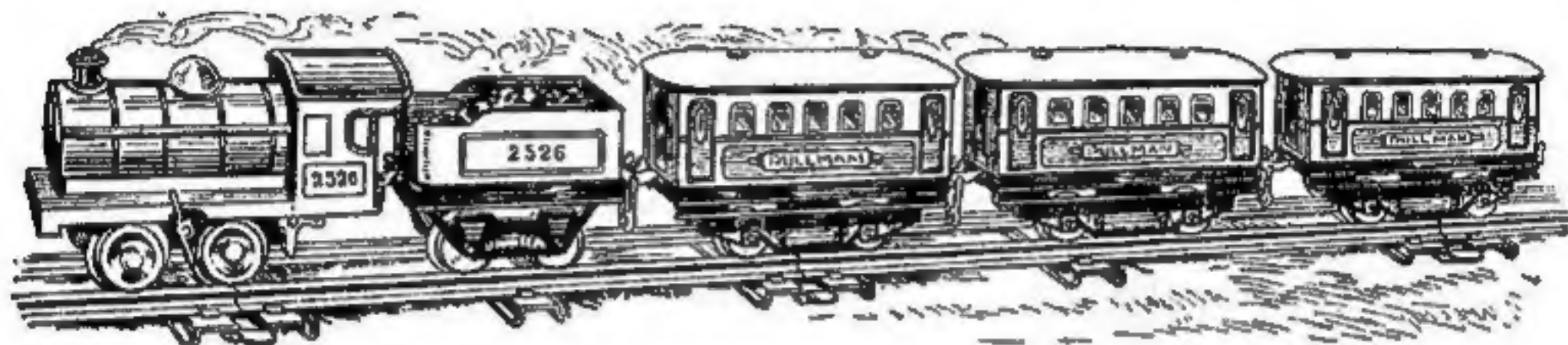
"Bunter wants to speak to you, kid," said Harry.

"No wantee speakes fat ole Bunter."

"Tell him so, then," said Harry, with a smile, and he handed the receiver to Wun Lung, and departed.

(Continued on page 8.)

TWO DANDY SOUVENIR BATS AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN TEST HEROES AND TWELVE "HORNBY TRAIN" SETS—



THIS is the third week of our great new competition in which you have the opportunity to win one of these first-class bats, or a special "Hornby Train" Set. If you are a new reader, or perhaps missed the opening puzzles, you can start now by ordering from your newsagent the two previous issues of the MAGNET, which contain both the earlier sets and lists.

To capture one of these grand prizes is very simple indeed, because you have only to solve four sets of easy puzzles representing the names of cricketers you all know.

Here you have the Third Set of them. You will quickly see how the puzzles are worked out. Each row of pictures and letters denotes a cricketer's name, and to find out what that name is, you simply take the initial letter only of the word represented by each little picture, add in the big letters where they are given you—and there is your answer!

And to make it easier still for you, we give below a list of names in which you can find the answer to every one of this week's puzzles. In the same way, each other set of puzzles is accompanied by a similar short list.

Write your answers IN INK in the spaces underneath. Afterwards cut out this set and keep it until next week, when we shall give you the Fourth and Final picture-set, together with full instructions for the sending in of your entries. And finally, remember there is

**NOTHING AT
ALL TO PAY.**

**YOU Can Find
the Answers
HERE.**



BARBER, BARING, BARNETT, BARRATT,
BOWES, BOYES, CHAWLEY, CUTMORE,
DUCAT, DUCKWORTH, FOOT, KENNEDY,
LEYLAND, NICHOLS, PARKER, PARKS,
PEACH, RICHARDSON, ROBINS, SAND-
HAM, SIBBLES, STAPLES, STORER,
TENNISON, TYLDESLEY, WALKER,
WALL, WATSON, WHITE, WILSON,
WOODFULL, WORTHINGTON, WRIGHT,
YOUNG.

The Two Cricket Bats, fully autographed by the Australian Team now in England, will be awarded to the two competitors whose solutions to the four sets of "Cricket Scorers" are correct or most nearly correct. The twelve special "Hornby Train" Sets will follow in order of merit.

Any number of entries may be sent, but each entry must be complete—i.e., Sets Nos. 1-4, inclusive, of the "Cricket Scorers" puzzles, with the solutions filled in IN INK—and must be separate from any

—MUST BE WON!

CRICKET SCORERS SET 3.

13		O		I		
14	W			S		N
15		O		E		
16	S				L	E
17		A			E	R
18		A			T	

RULES

(which must be strictly adhered to).

other attempts entered. Any entries mutilated or bearing alterations, or more than one solution in each space will be disqualified. No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, or mislaid, or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence can be entered into.

The Editor's decision will be final and legally binding, and he reserves the right to divide the value of the prizes if necessary, in the event of ties.

Employees of the proprietors of MAGNET must not compete.

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PERIL FROM THE EAST!

(Continued from page 6.)

"Fattee ugly ole Buntos!" said Wun Lung into the transmitter.

"Oh, really, Wun Lung—"

"What you wantee speakee, you fat ole flumpee?"

"I say, old chap," came the fat voice, in persuasive tones. "You know you're in frightful danger, don't you?"

"Boshco!"

"I'm coming to the Lodge to keep an eye on you, and—and guard you, same as I did at Greyfriars. You'd like me to come!"

"No likee."

"You can fix it up with Wharton, you know! He can't refuse, if you tell him that you'd feel safer with me there. See? Now, is it a go?"

"No goy!"

"Look here you little heathen beast, I—"

"No likee fat ole Buntos! No likee plenty too muchee. S'possee fat ole Buntos comee, me kiokee vally hard."

There was a snort over the wires.

"You little beast! You'll be sorry I'm not there when some Chinese beast gets after you, without me to protect you!"

"Chinaman no comee hele," said Wun Lung. "S'possee he comee, me likee bettee than fat ole Buntos!"

"Yah!"

There was a whir as Bunter rang off with emphasis. Wun Lung gazed after put up the receiver.

At the other end Billy Bunter snorted with wrath. Without him, he was convinced, the little party at Wharton Lodge could not possibly be a success. But the little party evidently imagined that it could. Home, sweet home, was all that remained for William George Bunter—unless he could think of a way.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

For II!

MR. BUNTER grunted.

The plump stockbroker had a fat little grunt, very much like that of his hopeful son William George.

It was morning, and Mr. Bunter sat at the breakfast-table.

Billy Bunter, Sammy Bunter, and Bessie Bunter, sat there also, and Mrs. Bunter. It was a plump family.

Mr. William Samuel Bunter grunted, a sign that he was not in a good temper. There was a frown on his podgy brow.

The other Bunters, however, did not heed unduly. They were busy with breakfast. In the Bunter household, a meal was a serious matter—a very serious matter. It was a matter that required, and received, sedulous attention.

Billy Bunter was frowning a little, too.

Bunter had been a long time at home now. Whatever charms home, sweet home, had for Bunter, it had lost them.

That vacation his luck had not been good. The innumerable friends who were anxious for his company seemed to be able to get on without it remarkably well. Wharton Lodge was his last resource, and if it failed him he was landed at home till the new term at Greyfriars. Perhaps that was one reason why Mr. Bunter frowned.

Things were not looking up in the City. Mr. Bunter had bought rubber shares in expectation of the rise in those delusive shares which is bound to come

some time—but showed no sign of coming just at present. The tax-collector had called several times; and on the last occasion his remarks had been quite nasty. Mr. Bunter had read in the morning paper of a wonderful new system of roads that had been built in Palestine—and the previous day his Ford had nearly come to grief on a Surrey road that badly needed repair. This annoyed Mr. Bunter; he was even so unreasonable as to suppose that a British Government ought to repair British roads before they built new roads in Asia Minor; especially as they taxed Mr. Bunter to raise the money. Politicians, of course, move in mysterious ways their wonders to perform; and Mr. Bunter did not profess to understand what their game was. He even suspected that they were noodles who did not know how to do their job.

For all these reasons, Mr. Bunter frowned at the breakfast-table.

He found some comfort in a breakfast large enough for three, while his eldest son packed away enough for four or five.

As a parent, Mr. Bunter felt a natural satisfaction in seeing that his sons had healthy appetites. But as the man that had to pay the bills with whatever was left over from his income-tax, perhaps his satisfaction was a little dashed.

There was no doubt that when all the Bunters were at home, the food bills were enormous.

Mr. Bunter did not wholly like drawing the cheques for their school fees. But there, at least, he knew that he stood to win. There was no doubt whatever that the Bunters, at school, ate their money's worth.

Mr. Bunter grunted again.

"Roads in Asia Minor!" he said, frowning across the table, just as if Mrs. Bunter, and Billy and Sammy and Bessie, had been building those offensive roads in Asia Minor.

"Scandalous!" said Mrs. Bunter solidly.

She was a plump and pleasant lady, and always agreed with her lord. She had a very vague idea where Asia Minor was, and on the subject of road-construction there her mind was a beautiful blank. But she always agreed with Mr. Bunter, following the line of least resistance, which was tactful. Mrs. Bunter's chief occupation of a morning was to keep things smooth and pleasant as far as possible till the front door closed with a bang behind her lord and master.

"Four-and-sixpence in the pound!" snorted Mr. Bunter.

He was referring to the income-tax now; but Mrs. Bunter's placid mind could not follow so swift a transition.

"Dear me!" she said. "Are the roads really four-and-sixpence in the pound? Shocking!"

Snort from Mr. Bunter.

"William!"

"Yes, father?" said William.

He blinked rather uneasily at his paternal parent through his big spectacles. He hoped that Mr. Bunter would not lose his train that morning.

"I understood from you, William, that you were passing the greater part of the vacation with your school friends."

"Um!" said Bunter.

It was really his own fault. When Bunter was at Greyfriars his chief topic was the gloriousness of that palatial residence, Bunter Court. When he was at Bunter Villa his chief topic was the devoted friends at school who longed and yearned to see him in the holidays. There was no reason, so far as his

father could see, why this longing and yearning should not be gratified.

"But it is so nice to have William at home," said mild Mrs. Bunter.

She was an affectionate parent, and, like many mothers, she found the school vacation short. Mr. Bunter, like many fathers, found it long.

Grunt from Mr. Bunter.

"Noisy boys continually about the house," he said.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Bunter—she could not possibly say "Scandalous!" or "Shocking!" to this.

"No peace!" said Mr. Bunter.

Mrs. Bunter sighed, wishing that Mr. Bunter would keep to the roads in Asia Minor, and four-and-sixpence in the pound. On those subjects there was no harm in a harassed taxpayer blowing off steam.

"No quiet!" said Mr. Bunter.

"I say, father—" said Sammy.

"Well!" Father rapped out the word like a pistol-shot.

"Would you mind passing the kidneys?"

Mr. Bunter breathed hard, and passed the dish. His younger son, evidently, was thinking of something more important to him than a thundercloud on the parental brow.

"William!"

"Oh! Yes, father!"

"I see no reason why you should neglect the invitation that your friend Wharton pressed upon you, as you have mentioned several times."

"Oh!"

"Why have you refused it?"

"I—I haven't exactly refused it!" gasped Bunter. "But—"

"A change will do you good," said Mr. Bunter, "and I will not deny that a change will do me good, also. You loaf idly about the place, William."

"I—I went for a walk yesterday."

"You waste your time in sheer idleness," said Mr. Bunter. "You loaf and lo! What have you to say?"

"Will you pass the marmalade, please?"

"What?"

"Marmalade."

"Marmalade!" hooted Mr. Bunter. "I am not speaking of marmalade, sir! Have you done your holiday task yet?"

"Nunno! I—I've been thinking about it an awful lot," said Bunter. "It—it wants a lot of thinking out."

"Pooh! Nonsense!"

"I'm waiting—"

"Waiting? Waiting to begin your holiday task?"

"Nunno—waiting for the marmalade."

Mr. Bunter almost hurled the marmalade.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Bunter.

Snort!

Breakfast proceeded in an electric atmosphere. Roads in Asia Minor, income-tax at four-and-sixpence in the pound, and noisy boys about the house, had combined to irritate Mr. Bunter—added to the obstinacy of the rubber shares that, like wary fish, would not rise.

Mr. Bunter had eaten enough for only three, so far. When he had eaten enough for four his brow cleared and calmed. Like many middle-aged gentlemen, Mr. Bunter was better tempered after breakfast. He grunted, but his grunt was more placable.

He looked at his watch, and there was a general rising of spirits when he rose from the table, as if they rose automatically when Mr. Bunter rose.

The Ford snorted outside, to take Mr. Bunter to the station. That car was another of Mr. Bunter's grievances. He could have afforded a much better

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Here your Editor is pleased to answer questions and discuss topics of general interest. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Averaged Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

SOME time ago I asked any of you fellows who spent "unusual" holidays to drop me a line and tell me all about them. This week I've received a letter from John Turvey, of Northampton, who certainly seems to have had a good time on his holidays. He went to Somerset, and came across a place which must certainly be one of the most interesting in the country. It rejoices in the romantic name of

WOOKEY HOLE!

Sounds quite "spooky," doesn't it? And, as a matter of fact, there are lots of spooky legends connected with this quaint place. To begin with, Wookey Hole is one of the most picturesque caves in this country. It is near Wells, in Somerset, and consists of a series of caves joined together by the underground River Axe. John tells me that, although these caves have only been open to the public for about three years, there is evidence that the prehistoric cave-dwellers of this country used to live there nearly twenty thousand years ago!

All sorts of legends are told regarding the caves, and a massive stalagmite formation is still known as "The Witch

of Wookey," from the strong resemblance it bears to the head of an old woman with a hooked nose. And, judging by the finds which have been made in the caves, there is no doubt that a witch actually did live there at one time!

My reader gives me quite a lot of information which I have no room to pass on, but the most interesting thing which he tells me is that there are no fewer than four stories of caves above, and that most of these have not yet been explored! Here is

A CHANCE FOR WOULD-BE EXPLORERS!

When I read that I wanted to pack up at once and rush off to Wookey to get permission to explore the caves. There's a fascination in treading where the foot of no man has trodden before, except, perhaps, those prehistoric men of whom we know so little. So if your Editor suddenly vanishes one of these days you'll know where to find him!

Here are a few

RAPID FIRE REPLIES

to questions from other readers:
Paul Hardwick (Bridlington): Shrove

Tuesday is the day before the first day of Lent, and on this day people were shaven or "shrove" of their sins, which is why the day is so called. With regard to your second question concerning the "nail through finger" trick, the nail is a specially prepared one, which may be purchased from any magical dealers for a few pence. It is really slipped over the finger, and the two ends are held together by means of a half ring.

Now to next week's programme. To head the list is another stirring, long complete yarn in the unique "Chinese" series, entitled:

"THE FOE FROM THE SKY!"

and for the thrills it contains is is unbeatable. This story of Frank Richards' is a winner.

Next on the list comes "The Flying Spy!" by George E. Rochester, of which there will be another full-of-thrills instalment.

Then there are our shorter features. Another edition of the GREYFRIARS HERALD will amuse and interest you; our rhymester makes merry with another Greyfriars correspondent; and remember that next week's puzzles are the last in our fascinating competition. You will be told then where and how to send in your solutions. While it is in my mind let me mention that I have arranged for a novel footer feature, and it will be starting very soon. Cheerio, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

car if his money had not been spent on roads in Asia Minor.

Billy Bunter, after a hasty glance to make sure that there was nothing left uneaten, followed his father out to the car.

Mr. Bunter regarded him sternly.

"What do you want, William?"

"A lift to the station, dad!" said William meekly.

Mr. Bunter's brow grew less stern.

"If you mean that you are going on a visit to a friend—"

"That's it, dad! The fact is, I—I feel that I've rather neglected Wharton after his pressing invitations—"

Mr. Bunter looked almost genial.

If Billy Bunter departed to visit a school friend there would still remain Sammy and Bessie. Still, one third of Mr. Bunter's worries would be gone. That was something.

"Jump in!" he said. "But aren't you taking a bag? Or something?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Bunter. "I can borrow a few things. Nothing delights Wharton more—he's so jolly glad to get me to his place."

"Very well then—jump in!"

"If you wait just a tick, dad, while—"

"Nonsense."

"While I say good-bye to mums—"

"Oh! Yes! Very well! Be quick!"

Bunter rushed back into the house. Affection was not highly developed in the Bunter clan. But even with Billy Bunter, the "mater" was the mater. He rolled into the breakfast-room.

"I'm off!" he said. "Dad's giving me a lift to the station—"

"Going?" asked Sammy.

"Yes."

"Hurrah!" said Sammy.

"Fine!" said Bessie.

"Yah!"

"My dear William—" said Mrs. Bunter.

"Good-bye, mums," said Bunter. "Go and eat cake, Sammy! Your hair's untidy, Bessie! Good-bye, mums, old dear."

The Ford snorted away, with Billy seated beside his plump pater. From the window Sammy waved a podgy hand in delighted farewell. The Ford snorted and groaned away to Reigate. Mr. Bunter, in the intervals of anxious attention to the groaning and snorting of the Ford, regarded his eldest son with real affection. William would be gone before he got home that night. That reflection was enough to make Mr. Bunter affectionate.

Half-way to the station he made an effort, worthy of the Heroic Age, or of the Noble Army of Martyrs.

"Have you any money, William?"

Bunter's eyes beamed behind his spectacles. He had hoped for this. Had this hope remained unfulfilled he would have had to raise the subject himself. It was ever so much better for Bunter senior to raise it.

"Only threepence, father," he answered.

"That is not enough to pay your fare."

"Nunno!"

Bunter did not confide to his father his various ways of travelling without paying his fare. These things were. Bunter was convinced, very clever, but he realized that the less said about them the better.

Mr. Bunter drove on, very thoughtful. Another quarter of a mile and he made another effort.

"A pound?" he remarked.

"Um!" said Bunter.

"How long will you be staying with Wharton?"

"Until the end of the vac," said Bunter recklessly. "I've decided on that now, father."

He could only hope that Wharton would decide on it, too.

Mr. Bunter drove on, thoughtful as before. Perhaps he was considering the immense amount he would save on the food bills if Bunter stayed away till the end of the vac. Perhaps he considered that, in the circumstances, Billy was entitled to a whack. Besides, he was not going to see Billy for a long time, and that was such a comforting prospect that his plump heart expanded.

They alighted at the station. Mr. Bunter bought his son's ticket to Wimford, and placed a pound note in his hand; and then, more slowly, another pound note. Then there was a pause, and then a third pound note was forthcoming. Bunter's eyes danced behind his spectacles.

He rolled into the Wimford train, grinning with happy satisfaction.

It was not till the train was well on its way to Wimford that cold reflection banished the grin from Bunter's fat face.

He realised that he had done it now. He had plainly stated that he was staying with Wharton till the end of the vac, and on the strength of it he had been tipped three whole pounds! He was for it! Like Caesar, he had crossed the Rubicon; like Cortes, he had burned his ships behind him! If that unutterable beast Wharton did not play up—

Bunter could only hope that he would play up.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Wet!

"HALLO, hello, hello!"

"What—"

"He's coming!"

There was a general exclamation from the Co.

"The Chinaman!"

Bob Cherry had told his comrades about the Chinaman in the train. Colonel Wharton had been told. And that night doors and windows had been locked very carefully at the Lodge. But there had been no alarm. If the Chinaman was lurking in the neighbourhood, and if he had any interest in Wun Lung, he had not so far shown his hand or shown himself.

It was morning now—a bright and sunny August morning. The Famous Five were strolling round the grounds with Wun Lung and Hop Hi. They were discussing an excursion for the day, but entertained doubts whether, in the circumstances, the two Chinese ought to leave the shelter of the Lodge, while leaving them behind on their own was not an agreeable idea.

But this discussion was instantly banished by Bob Cherry's announcement that "he" was coming.

His comrades, naturally, thought of the Chinaman at once. But it was not the Chinaman.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"No; not the jolly old Chink," he answered. "Jolly old Bunter."

"What!"

"Bunter?"

"The fat bounder!"

Bob was glancing out of the open gateway when he made the announcement. His chums joined him there and looked along the road.

From the direction of Wimford a fat figure came in sight, and a large pair of spectacles flashed back the rays of the sun.

It was William George Bunter.

Harry Wharton stared at him blankly. The Owl of the Remove was still at a distance, and had not observed the juniors in the gateway. He was red and he was perspiring, and he puffed and blew as he rolled along in the hot sun.

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton.

He glanced round at the drive. Judson, the gardener, was handling the hose, which trailed along like a wriggling serpent from a distant tap. He was watering the shady side of the drive before the sun came round. Wharton made a step towards him and paused. He had promised Bunter to turn the hose on him if he showed up, and there was the hose, as if providentially fixed ready for him to keep his word. He was powerfully tempted to do so, but— He paused, and laughed ruefully.

"Bother the fat idiot!" he said. "What are we going to do with him? My uncle really can't stand him, and Aunt Amy can't bear him! And—"

"I share your uncle and aunt's sentiments to a T!" remarked Johnny Bull, with a grunt.

"The shrewdness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh.

"It's all serene!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll jolly well kick him out for you, old chap!"

"The kickfulness is the proper caper!"

"A long kick, a strong kick, and a kick all together!" suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bother him!" growled Wharton.

Wun Lung glanced at the approaching fat figure, and then at Wharton.

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and grinned his sleepy Oriental grin. He glided away to the gardener.

"You lendee me hosee, honourable gardener man?" he murmured.

Judson looked at him.

"Eh?" he ejaculated.

Judson was not accustomed to Chinese politeness, and he had never been addressed as an honourable gardener man before.

"You lendee me hosee, you pretty gardener?" said Wun Lung.

"Oh, my eye!" said Judson.

Nobody hitherto had ever told him that he was a pretty gardener.

He relinquished the hose to Wun Lung, wondering what the Chinese junior wanted with it. Wun Lung turned it off at the nozzle, and moved towards the gateway, Judson watching him in surprise.

Harry Wharton & Co. moved away from the gate. Four members of the Co. were quite prepared to give William George Bunter the kicking he deserved, but Wharton was feeling a natural hesitation. However, the matter was taken out of his hands, as it happened.

Bunter blinked at the five figures at a little distance along the drive.

"I say, you fellows!" he called out.

Swissash! Swooooooh! Splash!

Wun Lung suddenly turned on the water.

"Whoooooop!" roared Bunter.

Swooooooh!

"Yaroooooop!"

Bunter staggered.

The jet of water caught him just under his fat chin. It lifted a little and played on his podgy little nose.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Wow! Grooooooh!"

He had to open his mouth to roar, and it was instantly filled by a stream of water.

The Famous Five roared, too.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Swooooooh! Bunter staggered, and sat down. The stream of water played over him in showers.

"Ow! Stop it! Turn it off!" shrieked Bunter. "Oh, my hat! I'm wet! I'm drenched! Yaroooooh!"

"Wun Lung!" gasped Wharton.

"Alee light!" said Wun Lung. "Me savvy! Me washee fattee ole Bunter! What you tinkee! Alee light!"

"Yaroooooh! Help! Stop it! Whoop!"

Swish! Swash! Splash!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet and strove wildly to dodge the stream of water. But he strove in vain. The jet followed his every movement, directed by an unerring hand.

"Ow! Wow! Stop it!" shrieked Bunter. "Beasts! Make that potty heathen stop it! I say, you fellows—I say—Whooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter's getting wet!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"The wetfulness is terrific!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Whoop! Beasts!" yelled Bunter. "I'll jolly well lick the lot of you! Yaroooooh! You little heathen—Groooooh!"

"Bunter lun!" chuckled the Chinese. "Bunter lun velly fast! Bunter lun away!"

"You cheeky little—Grooooooh! Oooooh! I'll jolly well—Oooooh!"

Billy Bunter turned, and fairly bolted out into the road, followed by a howl of laughter and a stream of water. Wun Lung, dragging the uncoiling hose after him, pursued the fat junior to the gateway, still playing the jet on Bunter's receding form.

Swish! Splash, Swooooooh!

"Whoo-ooo-ooop!"

Bunter stopped for a moment. But a stream of water, catching him in the back of the neck, urged him onward.

Wun Lung had advised him to "lun," and Bunter decided to run. And he ran. Wun Lung, grinning, stepped out into the road, still playing the hose on the fleeing figure.

"Ow! Wow, wow! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors stared from the gateway. In the distance, Billy Bunter, going strong, vanished, leaving a wet trail behind him on the dusty road.

Bunter was gone!

"Oh dear!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You young sweep, Wun Lung! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter goey!" said Wun Lung. "Bunter lun velly fast! Fattee ole Bunter velly funnee! What you tinkee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

William George Bunter vanished over the horizon.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER

Bunter the Chinaman!

REVENGE is sweet!

Bunter, to do him justice, was not of a vengeful nature.

In his bitterest and most implacable mood, the offer of a jam tart, or even a bullseye, would have brought him round.

But for once Bunter was brooding on vengeance.

He boiled with indignation and wrath, as was natural in a fellow who, kindly intending to bestow his valuable time on persons hardly deserving of such an honour, had been greeted in so very cavalier a manner.

Bunter had not ventured near Wharton Lodge again. His clothes had dried in the hot sunshine, and he was none the worse for his involuntary wash—in fact, Bunter had rather needed a wash. But he did not want another.

He was quite dry when he rolled into Wimford again—and, of course, hungry. Fortunately, he was in funds, and a hefty lunch at the inn did him a lot of good. Over lunch, however, he brooded on his wrongs.

Like the prophet of old, Bunter felt that he did well to be angry.

Having so effectually burned his boats behind him, he could not return home. Even Bunter's nerve quailed at the prospect of Mr. Bunter's surprised and icy stare if he found him there when he came back from the City—after tipping him three pounds along with a long farewell.

And that unspeakable beast, Wharton, had not played up! Instead of playing up, he had stood laughing while that other unspeakable beast, Wun Lung, played the hose on Bunter.

Bunter had trusted to luck—as he often did! Luck had let him down, as sometimes happened, indeed, often!

After lunch, he walked about Wimford, thinking it out. Whenever he thought of Wharton Lodge, he thought also of the hose.

At least, he was going to make those beasts sit up! Wharton, who had let him down after he had done so much for the beast—Wun Lung, who had played the hose on him—in fact, all the beasts deserved the severest punishment. The question was, how to administer it.

"I jolly well wish that Chinaman had got hold of that little Chinese beast!" murmured Bunter ferociously. "I jolly well wish another beastly Chinaman would get after the little beast!"

(Continued on page 12.)

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PERIL FROM THE EAST!

(Continued from page 10.)

And then the sight of a costumer's window brought the germ of an idea into Billy Bunter's fat brain.

He stopped and blinked in at the window.

He remembered the place. Fancy dresses had been hired there on one occasion at Christmas at Wharton Lodge. One of the fellows on that occasion had worn the dress of a Chinese Mandarin. Bunter remembered it, and his fat, frowning face melted into a grin.

Revenge, as above stated, is sweet! And Bunter was planning revenge now! Wun Lung had been endangered at Greyfriars School by the emissary of Tung Wang getting after him. Suppose another Chinaman got after him at Wharton Lodge! It would frighten the little beast out of his yellow skin. Bunter, thinking it out, grinned more and more.

Bunter was in funds, and it was not expensive to hire a costume. The man would help him make-up.

He rolled into the shop at last.

Business was not booming at Wimford, especially in August. The costumer was able to give Bunter his whole attention—indeed, he was very glad to see a customer. He remembered having seen Bunter before, and greeted him very cordially. No doubt he was a little surprised to hear that Bunter wanted to disport himself in fancy dress in the daytime. Bunter explained that it was a fancy-dress garden party. Bunter was never bothered by the trammels of the truth.

In the room behind the shop Bunter was fixed up.

He did not need to remove his own clothes. There was ample room for them inside the loose-flowing Chinese garments.

Grease-paints produced the required complexion of ivory yellow on his fat face. A big, black, twisted moustache made Bunter look years and years older, and gave him quite a ferocious appearance.

Bunter blinked into the glass, and was satisfied.

He did not know himself. Sammy and Bessie certainly would not have known him. Nothing remained on view of the original Bunter but the spectacles perched on his fat little nose.

Bunter grinned.

"I think that'll do!" he remarked complacently. "That little beast will take me for a Chinaman."

"Eh?"

"I mean, my friends at the garden party will take me for a real Chink," said Bunter.

"I am sure of it, sir!" said the costumer. "You look the part to the very life, sir!"

Bunter smirked in the glass. He had an idea that he made a rather imposing Mandarin, and would not have been out of place in the Vermilion Palace of the "Son of Heaven" at Peking.

Having left a deposit on the garments—which the shopman seemed rather particular about—Bunter rolled out.

That he looked like a real Chink was soon proved. Chinks were very uncommon in the quiet streets of the little country town. People turned on all sides to look at Bunter. It was not polite to turn round and stare at a foreign gentleman, but they did!

Bunter rolled on.

Several little boys followed him. Their numbers were soon increased.

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From their remarks, they seemed to be under the impression that Bunter was going to give a show, or a performance of some sort.

Bunter blinked round at them with annoyance.

He was going to Wharton Lodge as a Chinaman, to frighten Wun Lung out of his yellow skin; but he did not want to arrive there with all the tag-rag and bobtail at his heels.

"Look here, you buzz off, you young bouncers!" said Bunter crossly.

But the urchins did not buzz off. They were much too interested in Bunter.

Bunter, like the deep and dark blue ocean in the poem, rolled on. After him followed the youth of Wimford in increasing numbers.

He decided to take a taxi as he passed the station. There were two or three taximen there, and they stared hard at Bunter as he rolled up. A Chinaman in European clothes would not have attracted undue attention. But a Chinaman in the flowing and decorative garments of the Flowery Land was a surprise for Wimford.

A train had come in, and a rather tall, lean gentleman, with clear cut features was coming out of the station.

He stopped, and stared very hard at Bunter.

He seemed more interested in this Chinaman than even the unsophisticated inhabitants of Wimford.

After a moment's pause, and a very penetrating look, the lean gentleman came across to Bunter as he stopped at the taxi rank.

Bunter blinked at him.

Then he started. He had seen that gentleman with the clear-cut features before. He was a relation of Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars School; in fact, no other than Ferrers Locke, the celebrated detective.

Mr. Locke raised his hat politely.

"Dui buh dju!" he said.

Bunter jumped.

What those weird monosyllables might possibly mean, Bunter had not the faintest idea, but he guessed that they were Chinese.

He grinned under his grease-paint. Evidently even Ferrers Locke, reputed the keenest observer in the wide world, took him for a Chink.

"Lan goh hse gin yen, yung o shwoh ih gu," went on Mr. Locke, in the same polite tone.

Bunter, of course, did not know a word of Chinese. But if that succession of meaningless monosyllables was Chinese, Bunter considered that he could play Mr. Locke at that game.

"Ki ko kay!" said Bunter boldly.

It was Mr. Locke's turn to jump.

"Ko ka ko kum!" said Bunter.

Mr. Locke stared blankly.

Bunter had heard somewhere that in China there were nearly twenty languages, and that an inhabitant of the north could no more understand an inhabitant of the south than a Russian could understand a Spaniard—so he indulged a hope that Mr. Locke would take his remarks for a dialect of Chinese with which he was unacquainted.

"Ni dzen yang giang!" exclaimed Mr. Locke, which was a Chinese way of asking Bunter what he had said.

"Tol-de-rol!" answered Bunter.

"Rum tum!"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Locke.

"Tumty tum!" said Bunter.

"What does this masquerade mean?" exclaimed Mr. Locke sternly. "You are not a Chinaman."

"Oh, really, Mr. Locke—"

The gentleman from Baker Street jumped again.

"I seem to know your voice," he said.

"Oh, no, you don't!" said Bunter hastily. "I'm nobody, you know, Mr. Locke. I've never seen you before—I don't even know your name."

"Upon my word!"

"I'm a Chinaman all right," said Bunter. "I can't speak a word of English."

"What?" almost howled Mr. Locke.

"I—I mean—"

"I think I can place you now," said Mr. Locke. "I have seen you at Greyfriars School, I think. You are Bunter."

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Is this some schoolboy lark?" asked the Baker Street detective, his face relaxing into a smile.

"Eh! Oh! Yum! That's it!" said Bunter. "Only a lark! Keep it dark, you know! I say, I've got to be off!"

Bunter rolled into the taxi.

"Wharton Lodge!" he said to the driver; and the taxi rolled away.

Ferrers Locke stood looking after it till it disappeared—slightly amused and considerably puzzled. Then he walked away down the street to Wimford Police Station. Mr. Locke was apparently on professional business in that quiet little town in Surrey.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Surprising Visitor!

"GREAT pip!"

"What—"

"Look!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

Five juniors were disporting themselves in the bathing-pool in the grounds of Wharton Lodge, under the blazing August sun. On the bank Wun Lung and Hop Hi sat under green parasols, happy and contented. The bathing-pool was surrounded by old oaks and beeches, which shut it in from view except where a path ran through the trees towards the drive. And Johnny Bull, happening to cast his eyes in that direction as he floated on the sunny water, gave a startled cry.

"What the thump—" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Look!"

Johnny Bull, treading water, pointed to the path under the trees. In the middle of the path a figure appeared, apparently having walked up the drive from the gate and turned into the path towards the pool.

It was the figure of a Chinaman.

A short, squat Chinaman he looked, in loose-flowing tunic and trousers, with black pigtail under a skull cap, and fiercely-twisted black moustaches that curled up almost to the spectacles that were perched on his podgy yellow nose.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Wharton.

"A giddy Chinaman!"

"Look out, Wun Lung!" yelled Nugent.

But Wun Lung was already alarmed. He jumped up and threw aside his parasol, and stood staring with wide eyes at the stranger. Hop Hi drew closer to his brother, in great alarm.

"Lun!" he gasped.

And, catching Hop Hi by the arm, Wun Lung started running for the house, and disappeared into the trees by the lake.

Harry Wharton & Co. scrambled hurriedly out of the pool, dripping with water.



Chinks were very uncommon in Wimford, and when Bunter appeared, all dressed up, he was completely surrounded by a crowd of curious little boys and villagers.

The sight of a Chinaman in the grounds of Wharton Lodge was alarming to the Famous Five as well as to the two Celestials.

"Is that the Chinese you saw in the train yesterday, Bob?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"No. This one is shorter and fatter!" answered Bob Cherry. "He looks about the same age—but he's a good bit fatter."

"Then there's two of them about?" said Nugent.

"Collar him and chuck him into the pool!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton. "Better find out if he's up to mischief first."

"He must be here after Wun Lung—what else could he be up to?"

"I—I suppose so. Still, we'll speak to him first; he hasn't followed the Chinese kids."

Wun Lung and Hop Hi had vanished through the trees, but the strange Chinaman was still standing on the path, blinking through his spectacles towards the fellows at the bathing pool.

The Famous Five started towards him at a run.

What a Chinaman could be doing at Wharton Lodge, unless he was another emissary of Tang Wang, and was seeking Wun Lung to do him harm, was certainly a mystery. But he made no motion to avoid the five juniors as they hurried towards him.

They reached him in a few minutes, and surrounded him, to make sure that he did not attempt the pursuit of the fleeing Wun Lung and Hop Hi.

"What are you doing here?" asked Wharton.

"Kum ko kay!" answered the Chinaman.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Hoot toot-woot!"

"Is—is that Chinese?"

"Wooty-tooty!" answered the Chinaman. "Rum tiki ko kay!"

"I don't understand Chinese," said Harry. "Don't you speak English?"

"Me speakes smalles English."

"Oh, good! Well, who are you?"

"Me Kong Chong," answered the fat Chinaman.

"Well, what are you doing here, Mr. Kong Chong?"

"Me wantee see Mistee Wun Lung."

"And how do you know that Wun Lung is here?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Me savvy plenty! Me comey from him fathee," said Kong Chong.

The chums of the Remove regarded him curiously and suspiciously. Apart from the fact that he was—or looked—a Chinaman—there seemed nothing alarming about him. But the mere appearance of a Chinaman on the scene was alarming, in the circumstances.

Still, if the man really was a messenger from Wun Lung's father it was a case for civility. It was quite possible that Mr. Wun Chung Lung

had asked some fellow-countryman, who lived in England, to call and see his son. Indeed, it was quite probable, since he had been informed of the danger his son had been in the last term at Greyfriars.

"You come from Wun Lung's father?" asked Harry.

"Allee light! Jum joo junky junk!"

"My only hat! If that's Chinese it's—"

"Koo woo foodle—loodle!" said Kong Chong.

"Put it in English, please, Mr. Kong Chong!" said Harry. "We don't understand a word of Chinese."

"Me savvy! Me speakes plenty English," said the fat Chinese, blinking at the juniors through his spectacles in a way that was somehow strangely familiar. "Me comey from Mistee Wun Chung Lung. Wantee see Wun Lung and Hop Hi. Makes savvy them plantee satce. Bad man Tang Wang sendee plenty bad Chinese killy Wun Lung, plaps."

The Famous Five looked at one another.

"I see," said Wharton slowly. "Mr. Chung Lung has asked you to come here and see that his son is safe."

"Yea savvy plenty. You takes me see Wun Lung. Ko kum koo!"

"Well, wait a few minutes while we dress, and we'll take you up to the

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(Continued from page 13.)

house," said Harry. "You'd better see my uncle."

"Ho ko jo bo."

"What does that mean?"

"Means all right."

"Come this way, then!" said Harry; and the fat Chinese walked with the juniors back to the bathing-pool and the dressing hut on the bank. "Sit down here a few minutes, please, Mr. Kong Chong!"

Wharton pointed to a bench.

"Go sho mo hookey wookey!" said the fat Chinaman.

And he sat down.

The juniors went into the dressing-hut to towel themselves down and dress as quickly as they could.

They kept, however, an eye on the Chinaman, ready to cut after him and collar him if he showed signs of bolting.

"Looks genuine enough," said Frank Nugent. "Wun Lung's pater must be anxious about him, and it's quite likely he would ask a friend in England to call and see him."

"All the same, we've got to keep our eyes peeled," said Bob. "You remember that rascal at Greyfriars got to see Wun Lung by pretending that he was his uncle Chung. It's very likely only a trick to get at the kid."

"We'll jolly well see that he doesn't get near Wun Lung till we're certain about him," said Wharton. "If he's really calling to see the kid as a friend of his father it's queer that he should have wandered this way, instead of going up to the house. He had only to follow the drive."

"He's given the two Chinese kids a scare, anyhow," said Johnny Bull, with a grin. "They're hiding under a bed by this time."

Wharton glanced out of the hut again. The fat Chinese was still seated on the bench, waiting.

It was certain that, from the path, he had seen the two Chinese juniors bolt through the trees. But he showed no desire to follow.

The chums of the Remove were soon dressed, and they came out of the hut and rejoined "Mr. Kong."

"Please come with us now, Mr. Kong," said Harry.

"Ko him rum tum," answered Mr. Kong, and he rose from the seat and rolled away with the Famous Five.

Wharton and Nugent walked on either side of him, and the other three fellows brought up the rear, all watchful, and ready to collar Mr. Kong if he showed a sign of the cloven hoof, as it were.

"Ki ho kay!" said Mr. Kong, as they came in sight of the house.

"Eh?"

"Rum ti tum! Hi-yi!"

"What—?"

"Fee fo fum!" said Mr. Kong affably.

"Velly nicey house! Me likes!"

"Oh, I see," Wharton smiled.

Johnny Bull, behind, indulged in a grunt.

"Is that Chinese he's speaking?" he murmured to his companions.

"Must be," answered Bob Cherry.

"Well, I don't know any Chinese but that doesn't sound to me like a language at all—just rignmarole."

"Chinese doesn't sound like a language to us," grinned Bob. "But he seems to be speaking words all of one syllable, and I believe Chinese is monosyllabic."

"The queerfulness of that esteemed language is terrific and preposterous," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

Whereat Johnny and Bob smiled. The "queerfulness" of Hurree Singh's own language had often struck his friends as terrific.

They arrived at the house and found Wells in the hall. The butler gave Mr. Kong a curious look.

"Where's my uncle, Wells?" asked Harry.

"In the library, sir."

"Please sit down, Mr. Kong, and wait a few minutes, while I speak to my uncle," said Wharton politely.

"Tankoo muchee!"

Wells placed a chair for the visitor, and Mr. Kong sat down. Harry Wharton made a sign to his comrades to remain with Mr. Kong and keep an eye on him while he went to the library to inform Colonel Wharton of the arrival of the unexpected visitor.

Whether Mr. Kong was genuine or whether he was a secret emissary from the Mandarin Tang Wang, the juniors were unable to decide, but they had no doubt that Colonel Wharton would know how to deal with the gentleman from the Flowery Land.

That the gentlemen from the Flowery Land had never ~~seen~~ ^{seen} the Flowery Land did not occur to them for a moment. They would have been rather amazed had they guessed what identity was hidden behind the yellow complexion and the fierce black moustaches. But they did not dream of guessing.

They were suspicious of Mr. Kong. But most assuredly they did not suspect that the real name of Mr. Kong was William George Bunter!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Not as per Programme!

BILLY BUNTER suppressed a grin.

He had passed muster.

That the four fellows in the hall regarded him with suspicion was obvious, but it was as an emissary of the Mandarin Tang Wang that they suspected him. Of his real identity they had not the remotest suspicion.

Had they, like Ferrers Locke, known something of the Chinese language, it would have been a different matter. But of that mysterious and complicated tongue they knew no more than Bunter did.

The disguised Owl of the Remove was, therefore, taken at face value. Indeed, both Wun Lung and Hop Hi—from a distance, at least—had certainly taken him for a Chinaman. They had scuttled away like rabbits, and vanished at his approach.

Bunter had no doubt that they were hiding somewhere in the house, palpitating with terror.

So long as he remained there they would palpitate with funk, in the deepest hiding-place they could find.

So it was hard for the fat Owl to suppress a grin. He was giving the beastly leathens the scare of their lives, and getting even for that drenching with the garden-hose.

He was not finished yet, by any means.

He had fooled these fellows and he was going to fool the old Colonel. How could they know that he was not Mr. Kong Chong from China, a friend of Wun Lung's father, as he had so astutely stated?

They couldn't.

Bunter was full of confidence.

He was not done yet, by any means. Only an interview with Wun Lung could show him up, and he was quite certain that Wun Lung was too terrified to come anywhere near him.

He would remain as long as he could, keeping the Chinese in a state of palpitating funk. And when he went he would leave Wun Lung in the fixed belief that an emissary of Tang Wang had found him out, and was after him, lurking in the neighbourhood. He would show up again on the morrow, in the same guise, looking in at the gates, or peering over the wall. By the time he had done with him Wun Lung would be sorry that he had ever handled that hose.

These fellows suspected him, but they could do nothing on suspicion. A Chinaman had a right to walk about Surrey if he liked.

If Bunter could not carry out his intention of becoming an inmate of Wharton Lodge for the holidays, at least he could cause a tremendous amount of worry and alarm to the inmates of that residence. Revenge is sweet!

While these cheery thoughts were passing through Bunter's fat mind as he waited in the hall, he was unaware of soft footsteps in the paken gallery that ran round the hall at the top of the double staircase.

He was unaware that a yellow face, with glittering, slanting eyes, looked over the massive oaken banister down at him from above. He was unaware that another yellow face appeared beside it, also looking down with glittering eyes.

For some moments Wun Lung and Hop Hi watched the "Chinaman" below in silence.

Then Wun Lung whispered to his brother, and with soft, cat-like steps they descended the staircase.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" gasped Bob Cherry.

He stared blankly at the two Chinese juniors.

Wun Lung had a long, curved Chinese knife in his hand, with an edge like a ~~razor~~ ^{razor}. Little Hop Hi was grasping a similar weapon.

Bunter was quite mistaken in supposing that the two Chinese were hiding under a bed, or behind a wardrobe, palpitating with funk. The expression on the two yellow faces did not indicate funk. It indicated ferocity.

"Hold on!" gasped Nugent.

"Go back!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"The go-backfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Wun Lung!" ejaculated Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

Wun Lung did not heed.

With a cat-like spring from the stairs he landed in the hall, and Mr. Kong Chong from China, blinking round in surprise through his spectacles, jumped out of his chair—and nearly out of his skin.

"Oow!" gasped Bunter.

Wun Lung came at him, Chinese knife in hand, looking less like a schoolboy than a yellow pirate of the Yangtze-Kiang.

"Yaroooh!"

"Hold on!" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"Stop!" roared Johnny Bull.

Wun Lung did not hold on, and he did not stop. He came straight at Mr. Kong Chong from China, with glittering eyes and flashing knife. After him came Wun Hop Hi, knife well to the fore.

Mr. Kong Chong jumped back, forgetting that his chair was there. He crashed over the chair, sent it spinning, and bumped on the floor.

"Ow! Keep off!" he roared.

Bob caught Wun Lung's arm.

"You young idiot! Hold on! Are you mad?" he gasped.

"Me no killy!" explained Wun Lung. "Me catches! No killy if that fellee lettee catches."

"Killy if not lettee catches!" said Hop Hi, with a flourish of his knife.

"Yaroooh! Keep him off!" said Mr. Kong, quite forgetting that he was a Chinaman in his terror. "Oh! Help! Fire! Murder! Rescue!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob.

"Me no said," said Wun Lung. "Me tinkes that bad manee comee from Tang Wang! Me lun away fetches knife! Catches that bad manee—killy if no catches."

"Hold on!"

Wun Lung jerked his arm loose, and leaped at the sprawling, yelling Mr. Kong from China.

An ear-splitting howl emanated from Billy Bunter, as the Chinese gripped him by the neck with one hand, and with the other flourished the knife over his terrified face.

"Yaroooh!"

Wun Lung stared at him, and jumped.

"No Chinese!" he ejaculated.

"What—"

"This fellee no Chinese—"

"What the thump—"

"Yaroooh! Help! Murder! Fire!"

Billy Bunter tore himself away from the astonished Wun Lung, and scrambled to his feet.

He made a wild rush towards the door.

"Catches!" yelled Hop Hi.

"Stoppee!" shouted Wun Lung.

"Yaroooh! Help!"

The fleeing Kong Chong was headed off from the door. Bunter had supposed that Wun Lung was in a state of palpitating funk. Unfortunately, it was Bunter who was now in that state. The sight of two razor-edged Chinese knives close at hand frightened the Owl of the Remove out of his fat wits.

The juniors headed him off from the door; and Bunter dodged and flew. He rushed in the opposite direction just as Harry Wharton came back into the hall with the colonel.

"Good gad!" ejaculated Colonel Wharton. "What—"

Crash!

"Oh gad!"

"Ooooooh!"

The terrified Bunter crashed right into the colonel. The old soldier staggered back, gasping. A charge from Bunter was something like that of a battering-ram. Bunter reeled.

Wun Lung's grasp was on him again the next moment.

"Yaroooh! Keep off! Help!" he kicked Bunter.

Bump!

Mr. Kong Chong went heavily to the floor, and Wun Lung's knee was planted on his chest. Over the fat Owl's face the curved knife was flourished in horrid circles. Bunter yelled frantically.

"Ow! Oh! Help! Keep him off! I say, you fellows, it's only a j-j-joke! Yaroooh! Help! Murder! Fire!"

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

yelled Bob Cherry. "I know that voice! It's Bunter!"

"Bunter!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"The esteemed and preposterous Bunter!"

"Bunter!" gasped Colonel Wharton dazedly.

"Bunter!" stuttered Harry Wharton.

"Yaroooh! Help! I say, you fellows, draginoff!" yelled Mr. Kong Chong, not at all Chinese now. "Help! Morey! I won't do it again! Yaroooh! It was only a jig-jig-joke! Ow! Wow!"

"Fatten ole Bunter!" gasped Wun Lung, in utter amazement.

"Ow! Help! Yooop! Gerroff!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Silly ole fat Bunter!" stuttered Hop Hi. "No Chinese! Only ole fat Bunter."

"Good gad!" exclaimed Colonel Wharton. "What—what does this mean? Is this a practical joke? Let him get up, Wun Lung."

The hapless Owl of the Remove was allowed to rise to his feet. Every eye was fixed on him in wrathful amazement. His big black moustaches had been brushed off in the struggle, and he looked many years younger.

"I—I say, you fellows—" he gasped.

"You young rascal!" thundered the colonel. "What does this absurd masquerade mean?"

"It—it was a—a lark!" gasped Bunter. "J-j-just pulling Wun Lung's leg, you know! Oh dear!"

"Fah!"

The colonel gave a snort, and turned and stalked back to the library. Billy Bunter was left to the tender mercies of the juniors; and he blinked round at them with well-grounded apprehension.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Fe is Luck!

"YOU fat villain!"

"You silly ass!"

"You burbling bandersmatch!"

"You frabjous chump!"

"You preposterous and terrific fat-head!"

Every member of the Co. had something to say to Bunter. Wun Lung and Hop Hi were grinning now. But the Famous Five did not grin. They were wrathful.

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

"You potty porpoise!"

"I—I say, can't you take a j-joke?" gasped Bunter. "It was only a j-joke, you know! I—I thought you—you'd be amused!"

"You blithering bandersmatch!"

"You fooling fat frump!"

Oh, really, you fellows—"

"Kick him out!"

"I I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter.

"D-d-don't be beasts, you know! It was only a j-jig-joke! I—"

I didn't come here got up as a Chinaman to frighten Wun Lung out of his wits, you know."

"You podgy villain!"

"I—I never meant to scare the little beast for drenching me with the hose, you know. It—it was just a lark."

"Open the door," said Harry. "We'll kick him all the way to the gates!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

Bob Cherry threw the hall door wide open. Colonel Wharton had retired from the scene, leaving the latter in the hands of his nephew now that he was aware that the alarming visitor was only William George Bunter. And his nephew was quite able to deal with the matter.

"Give him a start, Bob! You've got the biggest feet."

"I say, you fellows— Yaroooh!"

Bunter started.

He left his big black moustaches lying on the floor. He had no time to think of them. The loose-flowing garb of a Chinese mandarin was not useful for sprinting; but Billy Bunter managed to put on a good speed. He fairly flew down the steps.

"After him!"

"Tally-ho!"

"Go it!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. He negotiated the drive at an amazing speed, with the Famous Five whooping behind him.

Streaming with perspiration, puffing and blowing, the hapless Owl of the Remove flew for the gates.

"Ow! Groooh! Owl! Oh!" gasped Bunter. He paused for a moment for breath; and the biggest foot in the Greyfriars Remove established contact. With a wild howl, Bunter flew on.

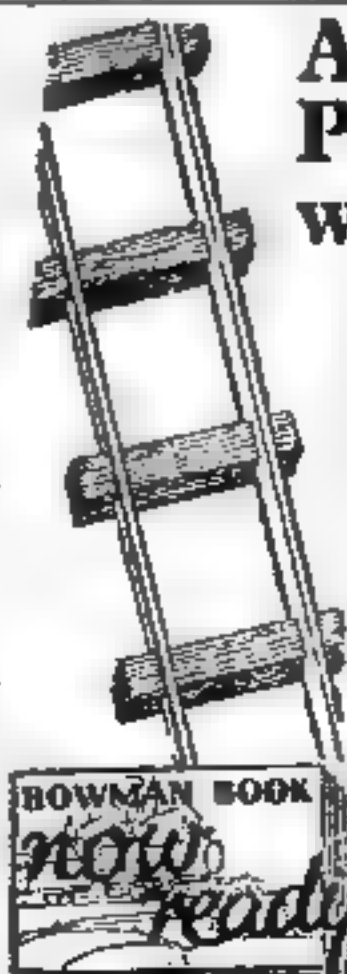
He rolled through the gateway to the road. Bunter had dismissed his taxi on arriving at the Lodge. He wished he had kept it now. The Removites came out of the gateway after him in a whooping crowd. Bunter flew across the road.

On the other side was a green wood, with a shady path leading up into it. Bunter flew along the path, and vanished into the wood.

He did not stop, unaware that the juniors had pursued him no farther than the road.

(Continued on next page.)

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Puffing and blowing, Bunter flew up the woodland path, the perspiration furrowing the grease-paint on his face.

Running did not appeal to Bunter, especially on a hot August day. But foot-leather appealed to him still less. "Owl! Groogh! Owl!" The hapless Owl gurgled breathlessly as he flew.

He turned into one path after another in the green, shady wood, and at last flesh and blood could stand no more, and Bunter stopped.

He had run at least three hundred yards, and really he had done it at a one-hundred-yards' pace! No wonder the Owl of the Remove staggered against a gnarled oak trunk, breathless, spent, and spluttering. Had a blood-bound been on his track Bunter could have run no farther. Fortunately, nobody was on his track now. Harry Wharton & Co. had already walked back to the house, regardless of Bunter.

"Owl! Owl! Owl! Boast! Wowl! Wooooh!" gurgled Bunter.

He slid down into a sitting position at the foot of the oak, sprawled in the grass, and leaned back on the trunk. The sun was setting over the Surrey hills, and the wood glowed with a golden light in the openings among the trees and bracken. Bunter did not heed it. The beauties of Nature were entirely lost on Bunter.

He leaned on the oak, gasped and gurgled and groaned.

It had been a tiring day for Bunter. He had had a railway journey, a walk, a drenching with a hose, a heavy lunch, and now the sprint of his life. It was no wonder that the fat junior was feeling weary and worn. He was, in fact, exhausted. Had the woods around him caught fire Bunter would have been slow to move. Nothing but a smell of cooking would have drawn him from the spot.

"Boasts!" mumbled Bunter.

It was pleasant to repose in the deep herbage, resting against the tree, after his uncommemorable exertions. There was no sound of pursuit. The wood was silent, save for the twittering of wild birds and a rustle of leaves in the summer wind. Bunter's eyes closed behind his big spectacles; his fat chin dropped on his podgy chest. He slumbered.

Then a sound was heard in the hitherto silent wood—a sound that resembled the distant muttering of thunder. Anyone passing the spot might have supposed that a summer thunderstorm was coming on. But it was not so bad as that; it was only Bunter snoring.

That deep and resonant snore, which had so often awakened the cotons of the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, now rumbled through the quiet wood as the sunset deepened into dusk.

Snorerrrrrrrrrr!

The wicked had ceased from troubling, and the weary Bunter was at rest. Deeper and deeper grew the summer dusk around him.

Plunged in slumber, Bunter did not hear a faint rustle in the underwoods; his fat ear was deaf to a stealthy footstep. He was quite unaware that a face appeared from the wood, staring at him in the dusk.

Had he been awake Bunter might have been alarmed, for the face that looked at him had slanting eyes that glittered at the sight of him. It was a Chinaman who was staring at the sleeping Owl—the Chinaman that Bob Cherry had seen in the train the day before, had Bunter known it.

But Bunter was fast asleep, and he heard and saw nothing.

Slowly the Chinaman drew himself from the underwoods silently, and stood looking down at Bunter.

His slanting eyes gleamed triumph.

Bunter was still, so all appearance, Chinaman. The loss of his moustaches had made him look like a Chinese boy, instead of a Chinese man—that was all the difference.

In clear daylight no doubt the keen eyes of the stranger would have discerned that Bunter was not a genuine Chinese. He had deceived Western eyes, but probably he would not have deceived the eyes of a Chinaman. But the light was not clear in the wood now that the sun was below the hills. The dusk was thick. And the Chinaman, looking down on Bunter, saw him only dimly, and to his eyes Bunter was what he looked.

And Mr. Fu, the agent of Tang Wang, who had taken on the task abandoned by Mr. Cha when he fell into the hands of the police, grinned down at Bunter with great satisfaction.

Mr. Fu had a task to perform that was not easy. Getting at Wun Lung in Wharton Lodge was far from a simple business. Under cover of darkness the previous night Fu had lurked about the place and found no opportunity. Now, at the fall of dusk, he was in the wood opposite the gates of Wharton Lodge. He did not care to risk being seen near the place in the daytime.

The Chinaman had entered the wood by a footpath on the side farthest from the road. He was passing through towards the road when the rumble of Billy Bunter's hefty snore reached his ears.

Mr. Fu had turned from his way to ascertain who and what it was. No doubt he hoped to catch Wun Lung napping sooner or later, but he could scarcely have hoped to find him in the wood at nightfall. So the sight of a Chinese—to all appearance—sleeping in the wood was a happy and satisfactory sight to Mr. Fu. It was merely caution, and the fear of being seen, that had led him to investigate. The sight of a sleeping Chinese was an unexpected reward!

Fu grinned with triumphant satisfaction.

He had never seen Wun Lung, but he had no doubt of knowing him at once when he saw him. Chinamen were rare birds in that quiet corner of the country. As soon as he saw a Chinese boy, Fu knew at once that it must be either Wun Lung or his brother Hop Hi, and this fellow was too big to be Hop Hi. Therefore, he was Wun Lung.

It was quite a natural mistake on Mr. Fu's part, as he, naturally, knew nothing of Billy Bunter's remarkable stunt.

For several minutes he stood looking down at Bunter in the summer dusk. He approached the fat junior more closely at last.

He bent over Bunter, and then, raising his head, he listened. The wood was silent; but it was close by the road, and probably many people used the footpath through it. Mr. Fu could not afford to take risks, especially with his prize in his hands like this. It was necessary to keep the supposed Chinese from yelling when he was awakened.

The Chinaman drew from his pocket a pear-shaped, padded gag, with strings attached to it. Bending beside Bunter, he suddenly jerked the fat junior's mouth open and thrust the gag into it.

Bunter started into wakefulness. It was not easy to awaken Bunter when he was asleep, but that did it.

His eyes opened wide behind his big spectacles.

"Gurrrrrrr!"

That was all Bunter could say.

His little, round eyes dilated with terror behind his big, round spectacles. The shadowy form of the Chinaman bending over him filled Bunter with shuddering fear. He made an effort to struggle, but strong hands were upon him.

He sat up, shivering. The grip on him was like a steel vice.

The Chinaman muttered a few words. They were in Chinese, which he, naturally, supposed that his prisoner understood. Bunter did not understand the words, but he understood the tone and the gesture, and the gleam of a curved knife that the shadowy Chinaman showed for a moment.

Under his yellow complexion Bunter's face was like chalk. He could only stare in dumb horror at the Chinaman.

The hapless Owl of the Remove had adopted his Chinese disguise with the intention of frightening Wun Lung out of his wits. It was a case of the engineer being hoist with his own petard, for the wretched Bunter was utterly and completely frightened out of his own fat wits now. In horror and dread he gazed dumbly at the Chinaman, while the dusk deepened into darkness over the silent wood.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Ferrers Locke Takes a Hand!

"FERRERS LOCKER"

Harry Wharton uttered that exclamation in surprise. He was coming downstairs to the hall when Wells admitted the rather tall, lean gentleman, with the clear-cut features. He knew Ferrers Locke at once; he had often seen him at Greyfriars when he had called there on his venerable relative, the head master.

Locke glanced up as he heard the exclamation, and smiled to the junior. Wells took his hat and stick in his most respectful manner. The butler well knew that Ferrers Locke was a celebrated personage.

Wharton ran down the stairs.

"How jolly to see you, Mr. Locke!"

Ferrers Locke nodded genially, and shook hands with the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

"I am glad to see you, my boy. I have called to see your uncle, but I am glad of a chance to meet my young friends of Greyfriars again."

"We're all here," said Harry. "The fellows will be jolly glad to see you, sir."

"The gladfulness is terrific, esteemed exhib." Hurros James Ram Singh came across the hall. "It is a boonful blessing to gaze respectfully upon your serene and ridiculous countenance."

Mr. Locke laughed.

"Roll up, you fellows!" called out Wharton. "It's Mr. Locke!"

And Johnny Bull and Nugent and Bob Cherry raced up to shake hands with the celebrated detective.

Wells had gone to the library to announce the visitor to the colonel. Mr. Locke was evidently genuinely pleased to see the Greyfriars fellows again.

"You have a Chinese boy staying with you, I think, Wharton?" he asked.

"Two!" said Harry.

"Exactly! Wun Lung and Wun Hop Hi."

"That's so," said Harry, surprised by the detective's knowledge. "Like to see them? They're somewhere about."

"My call is specially on their account," said Ferrers Locke. "Are they both safe?"

"Quite!" said Harry. "Then you know—"

"Yes. I have the affair in my hands now; that is why I am here. There is no secret about it," said Ferrers Locke, with a smile. "I understand that you brought the two boys home with you for the vacation to keep them safe from possible further attacks."

"That's it," said Harry. "And they're quite safe. Here they are."

Wun Lung and Hop Hi looked out of the doorway of a room where they had been playing mah-jongg. Wharton called to them, and they came up and were presented to the detective. It was clear that Ferrers Locke was relieved to find them both safe in the house.

"Mr. Locke!" Colonel Wharton came from the library to greet his distinguished visitor and shook hands with

themselves a sort of bodyguard," said Colonel Wharton. "But come into the library and tell me about it over a cigar."

With a nod to the juniors, Ferrers Locke followed the old gentleman.

Harry Wharton & Co. were left in a state of considerable excitement. They realised very clearly that the matter was serious when the celebrated Baker Street detective was called on to take a hand in it.

"Now, Mr. Locke—"

Seated in a deep leather chair opposite the colonel, Ferrers Locke accepted a Havana—though, after a single puff, he did not smoke it. Locke, as he sometimes told his friends, could not afford to smoke. More than once his life had

own account. For this reason he needs money, and he seems to have laid certain wealthy merchants under involuntary contribution. Mr. Wun has resisted him—hence the trouble."

Colonel Wharton nodded.

"Mr. Wun—you mean Mr. Lung?" he asked.

Locke smiled.

"In Chinese the family name comes first," he said. "Wun Chung Lung is Mr. Wun."

"Good gad!" said the colonel. "I see! I have heard that many things go backwards in China—according to our ideas, at least."

"True! A Chinaman shakes his own hand, instead of the hand of his friend," said Locke; "and he shakes his



"Ow! Keep off!" roared "Mr. Kong Chong" frantically. Bob Cherry caught Wun Lung's arm. "You young idiot! Hold on! It's Bunter!"

him warmly. "This is an unexpected pleasure. You are too busy a man to give your friends much of your time as a rule."

"I am afraid, sir, that my call—like most of my calls—is on business," said Ferrers Locke, smiling. "I can only hope that it will not prove a trouble to you."

"You may take that for granted," said the colonel. "But surely nothing has occurred in this quiet neighbourhood—nothing beyond the powers of the local police—"

"Nothing—evidently," agreed Ferrers Locke. "And I am here to see that it does not. I have had a cable, sir, from China—from Mr. Wun Chung Lung."

"This lad's father?"

"Yes, and on his account. I am very relieved to find that he is still safe on my arrival here."

"I do not think he is likely to fall into danger here, Mr. Locke; my nephew and his friends have constituted

themselves a sort of bodyguard," said Colonel Wharton. "But come into the library and tell me about it over a cigar."

"I've had, as I said, a cable from Mr. Wun Chung Lung—"

"Not in Chinese, I hope?" said the colonel, with a smile. "Or is that one of the many languages with which you are acquainted?"

"A smattering, sir," said Ferrers Locke. "I have passed for a Chinaman in China and—what is rather more dangerous—in Limehouse. I think I can keep my end up in a talk with a Chink. But I should not care to undertake to read the works of Confucius. Fortunately, Mr. Wun Chung Lung cabled in English. He is very much alarmed about his son."

"No doubt. But—"

"You are aware, I think, that the Mandarin Tang Wang—said to be descended from the ancient Ming—is looking for an opportunity to turn the present state of turmoil in China to his

head for 'yes' and nods it for 'no.' But it comes to the same thing, once you know the custom—like the rule of the road, which is to the left here, and to the right on the Continent. But to get down to business! Mr. Wun had no sympathy with Tang Wang's ambitions—at least, not to the extent of financing him—and the secret society of which Tang is the head proceeded to put the screw on. Chu—now in prison—was commissioned to put the mark of the society on Wun Lung—a gash on his face with a knife, making the sign of 'sei wang,' or death. Luckily—I understand, partly owing to your nephew—Chu was beaten, and Wun Lung escaped that disfigurement."

"The rascal will do no more damage for several years at least," said the colonel grimly. "But I suppose there are others?"

"Exactly! There is no doubt that Chu's friends cabled the news to Tang? THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1,176.

for Mr. Wun has received a new threat. Instead of the 'mark of death,' his son is to be killed, as a warning to him."

"The villains!"

"The threat is that Wun Lung's body shall be sent back to him in China in a coffin—"

"Good gad!"

"And when he receives that ghastly gift, no doubt the rascals feel sure that he will yield to save his other son from a similar fate. It is not only a matter of natural affection, though the Chinese are extremely affectionate parents. But a Chinaman dare not be left without a son. It makes his admittance to the Chinese heaven a doubtful matter if the proper ceremonies are not performed by his son after his death."

"Good gad!" repeated the colonel. "A queer people!"

"According to Western ideas—very!" said Ferrers Locke. "Even if Mr. Wun were so unnatural a father that he did not care for his sons, still he would strain every nerve not to be left childless. It is a matter of religion and immemorial custom with a Chinaman. So you can imagine how anxious Mr. Wun is now that he has learned that the arm of Tang Wang is long enough to reach from the shores of the Yellow Sea to England."

"Then he has submitted—"

Locke shook his head.

"Not at all. There is no obstinacy like that of a Chinaman. There are few Chinamen who will not meet a just demand, but an unjust demand rouses a dogged obstinacy in the Celestial breast. Mr. Wun is less inclined than ever to yield to the mandarin's demand, but he is terribly anxious about his elder son."

"The threat is serious—"

"Quite! Tang Wang is as obstinate a Chinaman as Mr. Wun, and he is not used to being balked."

"He must be a confounded villain!" said the colonel warmly.

"From his own point of view, perhaps not," said Ferrers Locke. "He claims to be a descendant of the old Ming emperors; and there has always been a strong party in China desirous of driving out the Manchu emperors and replacing a Chinese dynasty on the throne. Now the Manchus are gone, and there is a Republic. But Mr. Tang is not one of those who believe that a Republic will last in China. He sees in the discord an opportunity to restore a truly Chinese dynasty—with himself as 'Son of Heaven.' Certainly his methods are criminal; but his object, from his own point of view, is good—to reunite China and drive out the foreigners who have seized on her territory. But whatever excuses Mr. Tang may make to himself, there is no doubt that he must be defeated."

"By gad! I should say so!"

"With his political views I have, of course, nothing to do," said Locke. "He may make himself Emperor of China without bothering me in the least. But Mr. Wun has appealed to me to protect his son, and that is my duty. I have consented to take up the matter and see that Wun Lung is kept safe from the emissaries of his father's enemy. That is why I am here, sir; and I am afraid that in offering the boy the shelter of your house during the school vacation you have made Wharton Lodge the centre of Tang Wang's machinations—and caused me to trouble you with this visit."

"I do not regret it, sir," said Colonel Wharton warmly. "In fact, I am more than pleased, as it has given me the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Locke."

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"That is very kind of you, sir," said Ferrers Locke, with a smile. "For I may prove something of a stormy petrel. I have already consulted the police-inspector at Wimford; and as far as he is able to tell me, no Chinamen have been seen in this neighbourhood—"

"I can give you later information, Mr. Locke. One of my nephew's friends—Cherry—arrived here yesterday, and there was a Chinaman in the same train. Bob had his eye on him at once."

"A bright boy," said Mr. Locke. "That is useful news!"

"Cherry, keeping an eye on him, noted that he got out at a station past Wimford; and, on leaving it, started in this direction," said the colonel. "No one has seen anything of him since; but you may rely upon it we have been very much on our guard."

"I will speak to Cherry on the subject. Certainly, it is very useful to know that a Chinaman has appeared here. That there will be an attempt on Wun Lung before the end of the school holidays I am assured; and if he remains here it will take place here."

"He will certainly remain here," said the colonel. "I admire his father for standing out firmly against a wretchedly blackmailer—for that is what

SPILL A GREYFRIARS LIMERICK and WIN A WALLET!

Billy Bunter, a Fifth study
limerick,
with a lark that he carefully
chose.
But as he crept out,
He bumped into Proud,
And the grin on his face
swiftly faded.

The above winning effort was
sent in by Jack Ball, 17-57, Abbey
Street, Hockley, Birmingham.

POST YOUR LIMERICK TO-NIGHT!

this Tang is, with all his descent from ancient emperors. I will do everything I can to help. But such a scheme as sending the boy home to his father in a coffin—Good gad! Is it possible?"

"Once the boy is in their hands—easy," answered Locke. "Few Chinamen are buried in foreign countries; it is a common custom for a Chinaman to be sent back to his own land for burial. The coffin would be dispatched under a feigned name; and it would pass the custom-house without question."

"It is too terrible to think of! The boy's life actually endangered!" exclaimed the colonel. "And his father's feelings, if such a scheme should be carried out! No stone shall be left unturned to defeat such a villain! You may command me in every way, Mr. Locke."

"I shall take advantage of your kindness, sir, to remain a couple of days," said Ferrers Locke. "Men upon whom I can rely will be posted to see that no harm comes to the Chinese boy. If we can get hold of the man who has taken up Cho's task where he left it, it may mean the end of the threat to Wun Lung. The mandarin, powerful as he is, cannot have many agents so far from China devoted to him and prepared to carry out such desperate orders. The Chinaman whom Cherry saw is, I have very little doubt, the new emissary of

Tang Wang, and if we can get our hands on him—"

"You think he may venture here—to the house?"

"I think he is more likely to lurk hidden in the vicinity, for a time, at least, watching for an opportunity to get at the Chinese boy, either in the grounds or outside the gates—"

"Wun Lung never goes out alone. Since he has been here," said the colonel, "we have been careful."

"Quite so; but—" The detective paused. "I had better be frank," he said. "The object is to seize Wun Lung and send his body home in a coffin to China, as a terrible warning to his father to yield to the demands of the secret society. Undoubtedly, if possible, they will seize him alive, and convey him to some safe place where their dastardly work may be done in security. But—"

"But—" said the colonel.

"If the task of seizing him and getting him away should prove too difficult, shorter and sharper methods will certainly be used," said Locke. "And the presence of the boy's friends would not save him from a shot from a thicket or behind a tree."

"Great gad! You think they would dare—"

"There is not the slightest doubt about it in my mind. Until Tang Wang's agent is made a prisoner the boy must not leave the walls of this house, Colonel Wharton—indeed, I think he had better not even show himself at a window."

Colonel Wharton breathed hard.

"You know best, Mr. Locke."

"Believe me, sir, I am not speaking idly," said the Baker Street detective. "Doubtless, for a time, the man who is watching will try to seize on the boy—but if he fails in that I am assured that he will not let him live, if he can help it, to return to a crowded school where the business of getting at him would be much more difficult. If they cannot seize Wun Lung and carry him away they will deal death, and afterwards—it would be easy to obtain afterwards what they desire to send to China in the coffin—"

The colonel shuddered.

"The villain must be found—seized—sent to prison—"

"It is my task to find him," said Ferrers Locke. "But I do not pretend that it will be easy. In the meantime, death hangs like a shadow over the Chinese boy, and until Tang Wang's emissary is traced, and either arrested or put under surveillance, every moment may be his last."

"Put under surveillance!" repeated the colonel. "The villain must be seized—arrested—immediately he is traced."

Ferrers Locke smiled faintly.

"You forget, sir, that no man can be arrested in England without a definite charge being made against him. Neither can a man be punished for his intentions, or supposed intentions. A Chinaman discovered in this locality may be shadowed—and certainly will be shadowed—but until he breaks the law by some act we are powerless to touch him."

"Good gad! The man may walk up to my gates with a revolver in his pocket, and—"

"And until he produces the revolver with evidently deadly intentions, he cannot be touched," said Ferrers Locke. "The matter is not so simple as that, sir. We are in the rather difficult position of being unable to touch the enemy until he strikes—or attempts to strike. Then we have him—"

"Unless he strikes successfully——"
"I am here to see that he does not strike successfully," said Ferrers Locke.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Awful for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER shuddered. Bunter was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. Many a time and oft had Bunter been in a state of blue funk. But at the present moment, as he lay in the dusky woodland under the gleaming eyes of the Chinaman, Bunter was in a state of shivering funk such as he had never experienced before.

He lay silent, huddled against the oak-tree, his starting eyes blinking through his spectacles at Fu.

He did not attempt to move. One glimpse of the Chinaman's knife had been enough for him.

Why the man had seized him Bunter had not the faintest idea. But he knew, clearly enough, that he was in fearful danger. The ivory-yellow face of the Chinaman was calm, almost mask-like in its calmness. But there was a gleam in the slanting eyes, an implacable grimace in the mask-like face, which told Bunter only too plainly what he had to expect. It seemed to the unfortunate Owl of the Remove that he heard, in the whispering woodland, the rustle of the wings of the Angel of Death.

He tried to think; but his fat mind was so confused with terror that his thoughts would not move consecutively. He could only lie against the oak and blink at the Oriental in speechless terror.

Speechless, certainly, he would not have been but for the gag. But the pear-shaped gag, jammed in his mouth, held securely there by the strings tied round his head, kept him silent, choking the howls for help that the fat junior would have uttered. The gag was tied in its place with scientific care; it would have been a matter of minutes to get rid of it. And Bunter dared not move a finger, after the glimpse of the knife.

He knew, without being told—though he had been told in Chinese—that it he stirred it was death. And that cold glitter in the slanting eyes was enough for him.

The Chinaman sat squatted near him, his head bent, listening, while the dusk deepened in the wood. He was waiting—Bunter wondered why. And then, as his confused mind cleared a little, and Bunter's eyes fell on his own Chinese garments, he remembered—and understood. He could have groaned aloud—but for the gag! This villain was after Wun Lung—and he had taken Bunter for a Chinese boy—the rest was clear.

He did not, of course, know Wun Lung by sight; probably had never heard of him till he received information and instructions from China, in some careful code by cable, from Tang Wang.

He was haunting the vicinity of Wharton Lodge, on the watch for a Chinese boy—and he had found one—or believed that he had! This was the outcome of Bunter's remarkable stunt.

He mumbled helplessly behind his gag. If he could have spoken—only a few words—to tell the villain that he was making a mistake! If it had only been broad daylight the man might have recognised his error himself! But he could not speak—and in the dusk the man was evidently satisfied that he had captured Wun Lung. A doubt of it did not cross his mind. Bunter could understand now the grim triumph in the ivory-yellow face.

The Chinaman believed that he was Wun Lung; that was, indeed, the only

way of accounting for the stealthy attack. Bunter's disguise had proved his undoing—the comedy was turning into a tragedy.

What did the man mean? What was he waiting for? It was borne in upon the fat junior's mind, beyond doubt, that the death of Wun Lung was intended.

He read it easily in the cold, mask-like face. And the man believed that he was Wun Lung!

A thrust of the knife——

With shuddering horror Bunter realised that his life was only spared because it was easier to get him away alive than dead!

For that reason—and that reason alone! A body would have been a difficult problem for the Chinaman to solve—on the spot. But a prisoner could walk. Bunter knew now why he was waiting—he was waiting for darkness. With the patience that is a Chinese characteristic, he was prepared to wait—hours, if necessary—hidden in the shadowy wood till the country lanes were dark and deserted, and it would be safe to walk his prisoner away.

That, Bunter realised with freezing horror, was the reason why the knife still remained sheathed—because a living prisoner could walk, and a dead victim would have to be carried at great risk.

Bunter's fat brain swam.

It was a relief, in a way, to know that immediate death was not intended. But when he reached a place where the man considered it safe——

If he could but speak! Would he have a chance of speaking before the end came?

Bunter groaned—silently, behind the gag. This was the terrible outcome of his scheme for frightening Wun Lung with the belief that a Chinaman was after him. Not for a moment had it crossed Bunter's fat mind that there actually was a Chinaman in the neighbourhood, watching for a chance to get at Wun Lung. Had he supposed so, certainly Bunter would never have been found anywhere near Wharton Lodge. Knowledge came too late.

The Chinaman bent towards him. He spoke in a low voice, hardly above a whisper. But as he spoke in Chinese, his words had no sense to Bunter.

The fat junior could not speak; and within sound of a road and a lane, and several footpaths, the man dared not give him the use of his voice for a moment. But he had evidently expected some sign from Bunter, in reply to his words in Chinese.

He looked puzzled.

Again he spoke in the strange tongue
(Continued on next page.)

BRIEF FACTS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 8.

A romantic figure from the East—
Hurree Jamset Ram Singh—is the subject of this week's "effort" from our long-haired rhymester.



PRAY pardon this tardy delayfulness,
Most ludicrous comrade of mine;
Too busy I've been at the playfulness
To dropfully send you a line.
But better be never than lateful
(A maxim wise Englishmen quote);
And though letter-writing is hateful
I dashfully scribble this note.

Dear friend, I am keeping well fitfully;
My complexion's the colour of ink;
Yet Cherry, my chum, remarks witfully
That I am, indeed, "in the pink."
I eat many buns in the shopfulness
To keep me from wasting away;
I slumber by night like the topfulness,
I bask in the sunshine by day.

The progress I'm making is wonderful,
As old Sahib Quelchly agrees;
Some pupils are careless and blunderful,
Their work cannot fail to displease.
But thanks to the skilful direction
My tutor bestowed in Bengal,
The English I speak is perfection,
And likewise the English I scrawl!

I know all the proverbs by heartfulness—
A mile is as good as a miss;
A fellow needs savvy and smartfulness
To memorise maxims like this:
A long lane that hasn't a turning
Is worth many stickles in time;
A dangerous thing's a little learning—
In fact, I regard it a crime!

This study was calm and pacific
When first I began to inscribe;
But hark! With a clatter terrific
Bob Cherry appears with his tribe!
"Now, Inky, my bonny Black Beauty!"
Cries Bob, in stentorian glee;
"You've grossly neglected your duty,
We're dying for crumpets and tea!"

So now I must stopfully finish,
And likewise concludefully end;
My affection will never diminish
For you, my most ludicrous friend!
I send you my greetings fraternally,
Best wishes I waft on the wing;
And remain, for the present, eternally
Your loyalful chum—

HURREE SINGH.

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that was totally incomprehensible to the fat junior, meeting only Bunter's stony stare in reply. Again he looked puzzled, and then a look of intelligence flashed over his face, as if he suddenly comprehended why the prisoner made no sign of understanding. And then he spoke in English.

"I had forgotten," he said. "You of the Wun family speak the mandarin tongue of the north, you do not understand my talk in the language of Yunnan. Is it not so, son of Chung Lung?"

Bunter shook his head, to indicate that he did not understand Chinese at all. Bunter was quite unaware that among Chinese a shake of the head is a sign of assent, like a nod in Western countries.

To Fu, of course, his shake of the head signified what a Chinese boy would have intended it to signify—assent to what he had said.

"Now I understand," said Fu. "Then I will speak to you in the tongue of the foreign devils, which you have learned at your school. For you have been at the school called Greyfriars."

Bunter nodded, this time in assent. But to the Chinaman, from a Chinese, a nod was a denial; and Fu's slanting eyes gazed at him.

"It is useless to lie to me," he said. "I know well that you are of the school called Greyfriars! You are Wun Lung, son of Wun Chung Lung."

Bunter shook his head hard. He shook it in denial, never dreaming that he was making—to a Chinese—an affirmative sign.

If Fu had entertained a doubt about his capture, it would have been banished now. Bunter—by that shake of the head—had admitted that he was Wun Lung.

"I know it!" said Fu softly; "I know there could be no mistake—since there are but two Chinese boys here, and the other must be very much smaller—the little Hop Hi. Comfort yourself, son of Chung Lung! You must die—but you will not be buried in the land of the foreign devils, whence it is difficult for a son of Han to become a guest on high. When you have been slain, in a safe place, you will be sent home to your father, and in your own land you will have a Chinese funeral, with mourners and crying and fire-crackers."

Bunter writhed.

The words of Fu, strange as it may seem, would have brought comfort to a Chinese in Bunter's position. For though life is dear to a Chinaman, as to all men, custom is as dear, almost dearer. The assurance that his body would be sent home to China, for interment according to the prescribed rites of his country, would have been balm to the soul of Wun Lung, had he been, as Fu supposed, in Bunter's place.

"Hear me, son of Chung Lung," went on the soft voice of Fu; "there is no mercy for you—no more than for the kid in the claws of the tiger. For the Lord Tang Wang, the great and pearl-like one, has ordered it. But it is with a heavy heart that I shall kill you, for I am not a man of blood. I, Fu Long, am a man of peace, and trade in ivory, and it was with a sorrowful heart that I received the orders of my lord. But Chu failed my lord, and the order came to his servant Fu, who am but as the dust under his godlike feet. And if you give me no trouble, you shall die with ease, with the opium pipe to your lips, and not by the knife. For I, Fu Long, am a merciful man."

Bunter gurgled.

Wun Lung, in his place, would have

understood the Chinaman, would probably have made some sign of gratitude, for Wun Lung knew what was the obedience of a Chinese who had sworn obedience. He would have understood that Fu Long was not naturally an unkindly man, though implacable as death in carrying out the orders from his "lord."

But to the wretched Bunter the Chinaman seemed only a fearful and terrifying assassin, a thing of horror.

His eyes dilated behind his spectacles, and he struggled to speak. But the gag held him silent, and Fu laid a light finger on it, as a warning to cease his efforts.

"I cannot give you speech, Wun Lung," he said softly, "for if you uttered one cry, my knife would reach your heart, and you would perish like a beast, and also give me the trouble of carrying your body when the life had departed. When it is darker you will leave this place with me—and in a certain spot there is a car, and we shall make a journey. And then with the opium pipe to your lips you will glide from sweet and beautiful dreams into the great sleep. And your father will receive your body, and there will be a great funeral when you are laid with your ancestors in the sacred soil of China; for your father is a wealthy man, and he will spare no expense. Comfort yourself with that thought, Wun Lung."

It would doubtless have been a comfort to Wun Lung, but it was no comfort to Bunter.

If he could but speak! Would the Chinaman discover his mistake before he carried out his fearful intention in the place to which the prisoner was to be taken? And if he discovered it, would he take the risk of letting Bunter go, now that the fat junior had seen him, could identify him, could put the police on his track?

It was not likely. The life of a foreign devil was not likely to be allowed to stand between the Chinaman and his safety. However he looked at it, Bunter could see no hope.

Now the dusk was thick it was getting darker and darker in the wood. The Chinaman sat in silence for a little time longer, and then rose to his feet. Evidently he intended to move from the spot. Doubtless he would have waited till a later hour, but, in the belief that his prisoner was Wun Lung, he naturally supposed that the Chinese boy would be missed and searched for. As soon as it was dark enough to move with safety, therefore, he was anxious to put a greater distance between him and Wharton Lodge.

He touched Bunter on the shoulder.

"Come!" he said.

Bunter's fat limbs failed him. The Chinaman lifted him to his feet. Fu was sinewy and strong, and if Bunter had desperately thought of struggling, the thought left him—he was as a baby in those steel-like hands. The grip that Fu fastened on him was like the grip of an eagle's talons.

"Come!" he repeated.

With a Chinaman's unerring sense of direction, Fu moved off through the wood avoiding the paths. Bunter stumbled by his side, his fat arm almost cracking in the steady grip of the yellow man.

His other hand Bunter, for a moment, raised towards the word that bound the gag in his mouth. But the glittering eyes that turned on him, the motion of the Chinaman's hand towards his hidden knife, caused his fat hand to drop instantly to his side again. Almost fainting with fear, the fat junior stumbled

along beside the silent, mask-faced Chinaman, through the dark and gloomy recesses of the wood.

THE UNEXPECTED CHAUVIN.

A Surprise for Fu!

BUNTER stumbled along blindly. It was dark in the wood, and there was no path, and it was uphill. These difficulties did not seem to trouble Fu Long in the least, but only the fear of the Chinaman's knife kept Bunter going.

He stumbled again and again, scratched and scraped on boughs and bushes, and bumped into trees. His left arm was held immovable in the steel-like grip of the Chinaman, and he had only his right to help his passage through the thickets. He groped before him as he went, and again and again some low branch, pushed aside by the Chinaman to make a passage, sprang back and thumped on Bunter. Even the dreadful prospect before him faded from Bunter's mind in the difficulties and discomforts of that passage through the thickest and least trodden part of the wood.

Once there were footsteeps on a path not far away; and then the Chinaman halted, and held Bunter fast, a keen point pressed to his side, till the footsteeps died away in the distance. The wretched Owl realized that someone had passed within a dozen yards of them, never dreaming that they were there.

The Chinaman proceeded, and Bunter stumbled on again.

Beyond the wood, he knew, lay a shady lane; beyond that, a wide stretch of grassy pasture land, tenanted only by sheep. More than a mile across the pasture there was a road; and probably it was there that the Chinaman had a car hidden and waiting. Now that it was dark, only caution and cunning were needed to enable Fu to walk his prisoner away to the spot. And caution and cunning were not wanting.

After dark, the countryside was lonely. And the Chinaman was as watchful as a cat.

In a state of utter misery and dejection, Bunter stumbled on. The wood sloped steeply up to the lane beyond, and the going was hard. They were close on the lane, when Bunter's feet both caught in a trailing root, and he stumbled so heavily that he pitched on his knees in spite of the Chinaman's grip on his arm.

But for the gag there would have been a terrific yell in the silent wood; as it was there was a faint gurgle.

The Chinaman, with a muttered impatient word, dragged the fat junior up again.

Then, instead of proceeding, he came to a sudden halt, staring blankly at Bunter in the shadows, and letting go his grip on the fat arm in his amazement.

Bunter blinked at him dully, not understanding the cause of Fu's sudden excitement.

Then he realized that in his fall he had jammed his head against a bush, and the Chinese cap and pigtail had become detached from his head.

They remained sticking to the bush; and it was Bunter's own bullet head that was revealed dimly in the shadows.

The Chinaman stared at him, stupefied.

For several long moments he remained staring, evidently taken

utterly slack. Then he spoke, in a sudden, passionate, enraged voice, in Chinese. Then, remembering, he spoke in English.

"What is this? What is it? What does it mean? Who are you?"

For Fu could see now that it was not a Chinese that was beside him in the gloom. He understood that he had been deceived—or, rather, that he had deceived himself.

to make him think a beastly Chinaman was after him—grooogh! I say—"

"Silence!"

Bunter quavered into silence.

Fu Long stood staring at him. There was a passionate rage in the eyes of the Chinaman; a look that chilled Bunter's blood. For what inexplicable reason Bunter was dressed and disguised as a Chinaman mattered little to Fu. He could see now that

silence him there and then—with a thrust of the knife. That was the only doubt in the mind of the man from the far East.

"Help!"

Bunter uttered a sudden, ringing yell; a yell that rang far and wide through the dusky wood.

"Help! Help!"

With all the strength of his lungs, the fat junior yelled.



From the shadows Farrers Locke leaped out, and Fu Long, in the grip of powerful hands, was torn away from Bunter and borne with a crash to the ground.

There was a glimmer of steel, and Bunter shuddered at the sight of the knife. The Chinaman groped over the cord that fastened the gag in his mouth. He was too impatient to untie it; and he cut it through with the keen edge of the knife, and jerked the gag from Bunter's mouth.

"Silence!" he breathed. "Silence—or death! Speak in a whisper! You are not Wun Lung? Answer."

"Grooogh!"

"Speak!"

"Ooooooh!"

Bunter's mouth was numb from the gag, for some moments he could only gurgle and gasp.

The slanting eyes glittered at him fiercely.

"Speak!" hissed Fu. "Speak—or you are dead!"

"I—I say—"

"You are not Wun Lung? You are not Chinese?"

"No!" gasped Bunter.

"Dog! This is a trick—a trick to deceive me—to secure the son of Chung Lung from my hands—"

"Ow! No!" gasped Bunter. "Oh dear! I say, I'd have told you at once if you'd let me speak—ow! It was a lark—ow—I got up like this to—to give Wun Lung a scare—wow!"

his prisoner was not Chinese; and that was all that mattered. His work was not done, not nearly done, as he had fancied; it was not even begun.

"I—I say—I—" breathed Bunter.

The slanting eyes glittered at him.

"I say, let me go, you know," mumbled Bunter. "I'm not the chap you want—I'd have told you so if you'd let me speak—I say—"

The grip of steel closed so tightly on his fat arm that Bunter felt as if the bones would crack. "Ow! I say—"

"Fool! This trick will cost you your life!" hissed Fu.

"I—I say, I—I won't say a word!" gasped Bunter. "I won't tell anybody you're here—I won't give them the tip at Wharton Lodge—I—I—I—"

"Silence!"

Bunter's fat brain swam. He knew that the Chinaman, for his own safety's sake, dared not release him; he knew too much now. In the dimness the man was little more than a shadow to Bunter; but he could see the deadly glitter of the slanting eyes; he could read what that glitter meant. He knew what the Chinaman was thinking—not of releasing him, not of sparing him, but whether he should take him away from this spot to a safer place, or whether he should

Thrice the wild howl left his lips before the Chinaman had time to clap a hand over his mouth.

Bunter gurgled wildly.

"Fool!" came the hissing voice. "I will not trouble myself with you—fool, your blood be on your own head, for the trick you have played! You—"

The hissing voice broke off. From the bushes a shadowy form leaped, and Fu Long, in the grip of powerful hands, was torn away from Bunter and borne with a crash to the earth.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

FARRERS LOCKE to the Rescue!

FARRERS LOCKE halted on the woodland path and bent his head to listen. In the deep dusk, the Baker Street detective's eyes gleamed in the shadows that surrounded him.

Locke had left Wharton Lodge as night fell. By that time several of his men had arrived at Wimford, and were waiting for instructions there.

It was not the detective's intention to send them openly to the Lodge, to carry out their task of watching over the safety of Wun Lung. That would only have put the secret enemy on his guard. The watch that was to be kept was to be as secret as the movements of the unknown enemy himself.

Locke's task was a difficult one—for even when the emissary of Tang Wang was discovered, no action could be taken till the man himself made a move beyond the limits of the law. And that move would be an attempt on the

liberty, or, perhaps, the life, of the Chinese junior.

To discover the man, to shadow him, to watch patiently until he could be caught in some act for which he could be seized and placed out of harm's way; that was a task that was likely to call on all the resources of the famous detective. The emissary of the mandarin could not be touched till he attempted to strike; and if Locke's precautions failed, the blow, when it fell, might be a fatal one.

Locke, when he left the Lodge, took the path through the wood, partly because it was a short cut, partly because he did not desire to show himself in the neighbourhood more than was essential.

He was thinking, as he walked swiftly through the dusky woodland, of the problem he had to deal with, hoping that fortune would favour him, as it often had before; but never dreaming that it was destined to favour him through so unexpected an instrument as William George Bunter—whose fat existence he had quite forgotten.

Deep as he was in thought, the detective was on the alert; that was second nature with Ferrers Locke. And a faint sound at a distance in the wood caught his ears, and he stopped, and listened intently.

It was a sound of voices—and the voices came from the thickness of the wood, away from the path. One voice, incautiously raised in anger, was speaking in a strange tongue—and Ferrers Locke knew that it was Chinese.

Locke's eyes gleamed.

He had questioned Bob Cherry, and he had not the slightest doubt that the Chinaman Bob had seen was the emissary of Tang Wang; he was sure now that the enemy was already in the vicinity.

With that knowledge, the discovery that anyone was lurking in the wood so near the gates of the Lodge would have caused the detective to investigate. The sound of a voice speaking in Chinese settled the matter for him.

He left the path and threaded his way through the wood in the direction of the sound, silent himself as a snake.

There was a Chinaman in the wood; that was enough for him to know. Unseen, unheard, it was his cue to watch the man and discover what his purpose was.

It was only for a few moments that the Chinese voice spoke—in tones of surprised and passionate anger; tones clear enough to Locke, though he could catch only a few of the words.

Then the same voice went on in English, in lower and more cautious tones, which Locke would not have heard from the path. But he was nearer at hand now, and he heard, though only in a faint whisper that kept the meaning of the words from him. A gasping, squeaking voice answered, in tones that seemed familiar to the detective's ear. In utter amazement, he realised that the second speaker was the fat schoolboy whom he had met that afternoon in Wimford in the guise of a Chinese.

Silent, stealthy, the detective approached the spot, making no sound. He could already discern the dim, shadowy figures of the speakers when suddenly, ringing wildly through the wood, came the terrified yell of Billy Bunter.

"Help! Help! Help!"

As the rising voice of the Chinaman followed, Ferrers Locke leaped on the

scene. He caught the gleam of a knife in the Chinaman's hand as he leaped. The next moment Fu Long was sprawling on the earth in the iron grasp of the detective; his right wrist was gripped and twisted till, with a yelp of agony, he dropped the knife.

Billy Bunter staggered against a tree.

He had only a faint idea of what was happening, with his fat brain swimming with terror. But he knew that someone had come to his rescue, that the Chinaman and the newcomer were locked in a desperate struggle on the ground, and he gazed on the scene, dumb with terror, his eyes almost starting through his spectacles.

Fu Long, disarmed, clutched at the detective with both hands, clutching and clawing like a tiger, his slanting eyes blazing with fury.

Locke was sinewy and powerful, but he had his hands full with the desperate man, once Fu had recovered from the surprise of the sudden attack.

They rolled on the ground, fighting like wildcats, gasping, panting, scuffling.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

The Chinaman was undermost, but he writhed like an eel and dragged himself from under the detective. He released one yellow hand, and made a clutch at the curved knife that lay in the grass.

Locke wrenched him back, and they struggled again.

"Bunter!" the detective panted.

"Bunter!"

"Owl! Yes! Oh dear!"

"Got hold of that knife, you fat fool!"

"Oh! Oh crikey!"

Bunter blundered round for the knife, discerned it, and picked it up. He backed away from the struggle, the dangerous weapon in his hand.

"Oh crumbs! It's Mr. Locke!" he gasped. "Oh crikey! Oh dear!"

He knew the voice of the detective.

It did not seem to occur to Bunter to lend a hand in the desperate struggle. He stood blinking at it, his fat knees knocking together.

The Chinaman fought like a madman. But Locke was uppermost again, and at last he found an opportunity of snatching the automatic from his pocket, and the muzzle was jammed in the furious yellow face.

"Now, you scoundrel!" panted Locke.

It needed but the touch of his finger to blow the Chinaman's brains out. But the yellow man fought on, regardless of the pistol. Locke did not fire; but he lifted the weapon, and brought down the butt with a crash on the Chinaman's head.

There was a groan from Fu, and his grasp on the detective relaxed. He lay inert in the grass.

Ferrers Locke rose breathlessly to his knees. The grim struggle had told even on the iron-limbed detective.

In a moment he had slipped a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of the stunned Chinaman.

Then he staggered to his feet, panting for breath.

"Owl!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, have you got him, Mr. Locke?"

"You are safe now, my boy," said the detective quietly.

"Oh dear! Are you a-sure he's safe?" gasped Bunter.

"Quite!"

"Oh crumbs! I—I wasn't frightened, you know!" stuttered Bunter, realising that the danger was over now. "I—I say—"

"Do you know who he is?" asked Locke.

He stood looking down at the Chinaman, whose yellow face already showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Oh dear! Yes! The beast is named Fu Long! Oh crumbs! He took me for Wun Lung, you know, because of the clobber! Owl! He had me gagged! Grooogh! Then my pigtail came off, and he took the gag away to find out who I was! Oh dear! Then I—I yelled! I—I say, the beast is coming to! Look out!"

"He is safely handcuffed," said Locke.

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter.

The slanting eyes opened, and the Chinaman stared up dizzily.

For a long minute he stared in dazed silence, and then he seemed to understand. He gave one powerful wrench at the steel bracelets on his wrists, and then, with the knowledge that he was a helpless prisoner and that the game was up, he shrugged his shoulders with Oriental fatalism.

"You are my prisoner, Fu Long!" said Locke quietly.

He helped the man to his feet.

"I am your prisoner," said Fu composedly. "Chu has gone to the prison of the foreign devils for obeying his lord, and I shall follow! It is Fate!"

"You will certainly follow!" said Ferrers Locke grimly. "You will be handed over to the police on the charge of attempted murder, and they will take care of you for a good many years to come!"

"It is Fate!" repeated Fu calmly. "But if the boy escapes, it will be his father who will suffer! You, if you are a friend of the boy Wun Lung, have saved him. But you cannot save his father, who is in China, and within the reach of my lord! Do your will, foreign devil! I will say no more."

"Come!" said the detective.

He grasped the arm of the handcuffed Chinaman to lead him away.

"I—I say, Mr. Locke!" gasped Bunter.

"Come with me, Bunter! I am going back to Wharton Lodge with this man. Are you staying at the Lodge?"

"I—I'm going to!" gasped Bunter.

"There—there was a—a little misunderstanding! Tho—the fellows cut up rusty over a—a little japa. But—but I'll come to the Lodge with you, Mr. Locke. I'll get these beastly Chinese rags off first, though! I've had enough of them!"

Bunter was already stripping off his Chinese garments. He had his own clothes underneath, and a cap stuffed in a pocket. In a few minutes William George Bunter, like Richard, was himself again.

He made up the Chinese garments into a bundle to carry with him. Bunter had not forgotten that he had left a cash deposit in Wimford on those garments. The costumer's property did not matter very much to Bunter, but the cash deposit mattered a lot.

"You had better come with me—now, at all events," said Ferrers Locke. "Your statement will be required when the police come for this man, and you will, of course, have to give evidence against him at his trial. You have been very useful in this matter, Bunter, though without your knowledge."

"The fact is, Mr. Locke—"

"Come!"

Ferrers Locke walked the prisoner away to the footpath, and Billy Bunter rolled after them.

They followed the footpath down to the road, and Ferrers Locke rang at the

(Continued on page 25.)

THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

(INTRODUCTION ON NEXT PAGE)

Westwards!

IN that same moment the telephone-bell trilled with startling suddenness. Snatching up the receiver, the gun still in his hand, Zolhoff snarled:

"Yes, what is it?"

"Raschen speaking," came the voice of General Raschen over the wire. "The Mercedes car has been located at Traube Aerodrome, thirty kilometres from the city—"

"But the man, you fool?" panted Zolhoff. "The man, Stultz?"

"By virtue of the letter which he carried," took up Raschen harshly, "he was provided by the Commandante of Traube Aerodrome with a fighting Junker-Fokker monoplane. With a store of petrol in the rear cockpit he took off an hour ago."

At that news every vestige of self-control fell from Zolhoff. With a maniacal frenzy he hurled the telephone to the floor and lunged blindly about the room, raving:

Von Sturm had gone.

Zolhoff knew that now. And with the petrol which the traitor had taken aboard it would not be difficult for him to reach the enemy lines.

"But I will get him," whispered Zolhoff hoarsely, his hands clenched. "I will get him, even if I have to seek him behind the British lines!"

At the same hour, high in the night sky, Von Sturm was thundering westwards towards the line.

How easy it had all been. That introductory letter which he had taken from Zolhoff's desk and filled in with the fictitious name and number had proved invaluable. Not once had its authenticity been questioned, and it had won him passage through the military pickets who had been on the look-out for a uniformed Von Sturm.

Sitting there at his controls, with engine thundering in deep, pulsating rhythm, the boy's firm lips twitched into a fleeting smile as he dwelt again on the reception he had received from the unsuspecting Commandante of Traube Aerodrome.

Courteous indeed had been that Commandante and only too willing to assist one engaged on "Intelligence work of the most urgent and extreme importance" as the pseudo Otto Stultz had purported to be.

Without query he had placed a Junker-Fokker monoplane at the disposal of Von Sturm. Further, in response to the boy's request, he had had a supply of petrol placed in the rear cockpit.

The Junker-Fokker was an entirely new departure in aircraft construction. It was a machine designed for offensive patrol on the Western Front and was built of duralumin.

This all-metal construction was a great protection against fire, and both engine and cockpit were encased by armour plating consisting of one-fifth inch chrome nickel steel.

The high ratio between speed and wind resistance was reduced to a minimum on this fast fighting craft by the abnormally thick camber of the monoplane wing which was fitted with internal bracing.



Another great asset the machine possessed was the excellent range of fire afforded both front and rear cockpits by there being no upper plane, nor a complicated array of struts and wires.

Her engine, one of the most powerful types turned out by the great Krupps works at Essen, had been specially designed to make her class of machine the fastest on the Western Front.

And, as she roared on through the night sky, driving towards the British lines, Von Sturm blessed the good chance which had placed her in his hands. For if he were intercepted with the dawn he had a machine which could hold her own with any craft which might fly against her.

And the chances were that, with the dawn, he would be intercepted. He knew full well that the moment Zolhoff discovered the forced lock of his desk, the man would pick up a trail which must inevitably lead him to Traube Aerodrome.

When that happened orders would be flashed to every German aerodrome along the line instructing all available machines to take the air in an endeavour to prevent the Junker-Fokker crossing the trenches.

It was that hour before the dawn which is the darkest hour of all the night, that Von Sturm closed his throttle and glided down to earth on a wide stretch of moorland twenty kilometres east of the township of Hannu.

Here he replenished his petrol tank and, mounting once again to the cockpit, took the air on the last stage of his eventful flight to British wing headquarters at Le Courban.

When the first faint light of the coming dawn was streaking the eastern sky he passed over Saarbrücken at a height of fifteen thousand feet. Less than an hour now and he would be over the trenches.

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Crouched over his controls, continually he swept the sky ahead and to port and starboard for approaching machines. Thirty minutes passed; minutes during which the Junker-Fokker thundered on towards the line—minutes during which day came on apace.

Behind him the sun swung up into a sky of cloudless blue which gave promise of a glorious day to come.

Twenty minutes now and he would be over the line.

Suddenly he tensed, his eyes narrowing, his hand tightening on the control-stick. Away to port, in the direction of Buhl, four tiny specks had appeared high in the sky. They were machines holding an altitude and a line of sight which would bring them between the Junker-Fokker and the trenches, unless Von Sturm altered his course.

But grimly the boy flew on, wavering not an inch from the course he was taking.

The four machines were coming up at a terrific speed and, as they approached, Von Sturm recognised them as fast-flying Halberstadt fighting scouts.

On they came. When within five hundred feet of him, their noses went up and they gained another five hundred feet of altitude in a thundering climb.

Then forward went control-sticks and they roared down on Von Sturm, synchronised guns belching lurid flame.

Toll of War I

SIMULTANEOUSLY, as the four Halberstadt scouts opened fire, Von Sturm whipped forward his control-stick. Kicking on full rudder, he whirled his monoplane into a thundering dive.

For seconds only he held that dive, then back came his control-stick and he went zooming up and up into the blue of early morning. Right at the apex of the loop he pulled a perfect Immelmann roll, and now the advantage of height was his.

Whipping forward his control-stick again, he roared down towards the wildly wheeling Halberstadts in a screaming nose dive, and from the black-encased muzzle of his synchronised gun lurid flame and whining lead spat venomously.

So sudden, so utterly unexpected, had been this savage launching of the offensive by Von Sturm that the pilots of the Halberstadt scouts were taken completely by surprise.

A running fight towards the line had been Von Sturm's most obvious course of action. But instead of adopting it the reckless fool had turned at bay.

As the noses of the four scouts came up to meet the attack of this grim-faced boy, one of the machines reeled drunkenly. A wisp of flame licked back from riven petrol tank, spread with frightful rapidity, and the machine went plunging to its doom, a mass of blood-red flame, and enveloped in an eddying pall of thick black smoke.

The odds were now reduced to three to one.

But the three remaining Halberstadts were driving in at Von Sturm, savagely determined to finish off this traitor, whom they had been ordered to intercept at all costs.

There was monetary re-

ward, promotion, and decoration for him who shot Von Sturm down in flames. They were rewards which would not be easily earned, but that they would be earned the three Halberstadt pilots never doubted. And as they drove in at Von Sturm their cartridge-belts were whirling madly through the chambers and the acrid fumes of burning powder were swirling back beyond cockpit wind-shields in the slip-streams of thundering propellers.

Von Sturm threw his machine into a spin, from which he emerged with a sudden roar of high-powered engine, to tear earthwards in a thundering dive. Then back came the stick, and the Junker-Fokker soared up into the blue in a wild and almost perpendicular zoom.

The Halberstadts followed, grimly, relentlessly; but already Von Sturm had rolled and was tearing down on them again. Bullets winged against, and ricocheted off, the armour-plating of the Junker-Fokker cockpit and engine. But remorselessly Von Sturm drove down, the staccato roar of his snarling gun audible above the thunder of his engine.

Without warning, the pilot of the nearest Halberstadt leapt to his feet, clutching, with gloved hands, at his throat. Then, as he slumped forward under his controls, his machine dropped its nose, and, falling into the death spin, went plunging earthwards.

Wheeling, the two remaining Halberstadts hurtled down on the tail of the Junker-Fokker. It was a moment of deadly peril for Von Sturm. For, with the two Halberstadts sticking to him like leeches, at any instant his spine might be shattered by a burst of bullets from their guns, or his tail planes and rudder controls shot to ribbons.

Yet deliberately Von Sturm held the dive, his right and left foot pressing alternately on the rudder-bar, causing his machine to swing wildly as it tore earthwards. Suddenly his right foot tensed on the bar and he whipped his control-stick back and across. The monoplane whirled out of its dive with a jar which sent Von Sturm sagging wildly against the side of the cockpit.

Completing a whirling bank, the boy drove in at the thundering Halberstadts. So close was he that a miss was impossible. Bullets from his lurid, blazing gun tore through the fuselage of the nearest scout, raking it from engine cowling to cockpit. Then, as Von Sturm pulled back his stick and soared up into the blue, the Halberstadt fell away into a spin, its pilot huddled dead on the floor of the cockpit.

Only one Halberstadt scout now remained, and Von Sturm was as yet unscathed. But the pilot of that scout was the Hauptmann Eberhard, a veteran in air fighting, and one with twenty-seven Allied machines to his credit.

Eberhard's eyes were grim, for he

had seen his three companions go hurtling to their doom, and he knew that within the next few moments he must either kill Von Sturm or himself be killed. In this battle of the air no quarter would be given, and only one of them would live to take the air again.

Would it be he or Von Sturm?

Kicking on rudder, Eberhard swung his machine towards Von Sturm, who had rolled, and was tearing towards him, firing as he came. Eberhard's gloved hand clenched on the trigger of his synchronised gun, and above the thunder of the engine came the vicious snarl of exploding cartridges.

On came the two machines, thundering towards each other. Then, in that moment, when it seemed that they must crash, propeller boss to propeller boss, Von Sturm whipped forward his control-stick.

Down went his nose, and he thundered right under Eberhard's Halberstadt. Back came the stick, and he went soaring up in a wild zoom. At the very top of the loop he rolled and roared down on the wheeling Eberhard.

His gloved fingers were clamped round the trigger of his gun, and the cartridge-belt was whirling like a mad thing through the chamber. Sensing, rather than seeing, the death which was hurtling down on him, Eberhard threw his machine into a wild, twisting dive. Wind screamed through flying wires and struts as the Halberstadt tore earthwards. Then back came the stick, and the scout went zooming up into the blue.

Von Sturm followed, clinging relentlessly to Eberhard's tail. But with amazing swiftness Eberhard rolled, and, pulling a sharp wing turn, drove straight in at Von Sturm, his gun spewing lurid flame and a deadly stream of steel-coated bullets.

Von Sturm's dashboard was riven, as though by an invisible axe, and something like red-hot iron seared his scalp. Instinctively he threw his machine into a spin as he lurched drunkenly forward across the controls.

Eberhard's thin lips curved into a mirthless smile. Releasing the pressure on the trigger of his synchronised gun, he pushed forward his control-stick and dived earthwards in the wake of the Junker-Fokker, which was spinning to destruction on the ground, far below.

Desperately Von Sturm fought to regain control of his reeling senses, and he was aided by the rush of cold air, which served to sweep the clogging nausea from his brain. One thing he knew. He had plenty of height, as yet.

From behind his goggles, as he lay sprawled across the controls, he had a fleeting glimpse of Eberhard circling round him, ready to tear in and finish him off should he show the slightest sign of life.

Gropingly Von Sturm's gloved fingers closed on the throttle. Reaching out behind him, he hauled himself back into his seat, and, kicking on rudder to counteract his spin, he gave the Junker-Fokker full throttle.

With a thunderous roar of high-powered engine, the monoplane swooped out of the spin and simultaneously Eberhard drove in, with gun aflame.

Whipping his control-stick across, Von Sturm pulled a whirlwind wing turn. But

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Brought down to British territory, Guido von Sturm, a brilliant flying ace, is told to his utter consternation and dismay that he is Guy Tempest—an Englishman—son of Colonel Tempest. Obtaining permission from the British authorities, the young airman visits Dr. Zolhoff, his guardian. The latter, who is chief of the German Secret Service, is forced to admit the truth—namely, that the boy is English and that he was kidnapped as an infant. Overpowering the doctor, Guy gets away with a paper containing information of the most vital importance to England. The lad is captured, but escapes and hides at Dr. Zolhoff's house, Anton, the manservant, who is fond of Guy, assisting him. Guy forges a German Secret Service introductory letter and, disguising himself, escapes in a fast plane. When Dr. Zolhoff hears of this he is furious. He accuses Anton of being a traitor and shoots him.

(Now read on.)

as he came about his fuselage was raked from cockpit to tail planes. By superb piloting he pulled clear of that deadly stream of bullets from the Halberstadt scout.

The last few seconds had been a close call for him, and he knew it. Since the fight had developed into one between him and the lone Halberstadt he had been getting decidedly the worst of it.

Who his antagonist was he did not know, but he realised that he was up against a superb air fighter. Somehow that realisation braced him as nothing else could have done. The first false step, the slightest opening, would mean disaster. And the knowledge of that filled Von Sturm anew with the lust of a battle which must be fought to the death.

Wheeling his machine, he threw it into a dive. A mad, a suicidal thing to do; but there was grim method in the madness. For he was setting a trap, although the setting of it was fraught with the most deadly peril for himself.

Seeing Von Sturm fall away into a dive, Eberhard pushed forward his control-stick and went thundering after him, his gun ablaze. With engine roaring at full revolutions, he hurtled down on the wildly swinging tail of the Junker-Fokker, striving desperately to plant a burst of bullets through either the tail planes and rudder of the zig-zagging monoplane, or else through the helmeted head and leather-clad shoulders of Von Sturm, visible above the rear of the forward cockpit.

Once only did Von Sturm glance behind at the death thundering down in his wake. Next instant he kicked on sharp rudder and whipped his control-stick across. With an amazing swiftness the Junker-Fokker whirled out of its dive with nose up.

And in that same instant Eberhard thundered past.

Sweeping like a hawk, the Junker-Fokker turned and roared down in pursuit, its black-encased gun blazing into lurid life. There was no question of a miss, so short was the range. Every steel-coated bullet whanged into the vitals of the Halberstadt scout.

In a frenzy, Eberhard banked, his nose down. His machine was already

roofing drunkenly, and his face was grey with the knowledge of the death which was now so close to him. As the Halberstadt banked, Von Sturm's foot moved a fraction of an inch on the rudder-bar, and he raked Eberhard's stricken machine from engine cowlings to tail plane.

He had a vision of Eberhard staggering to his feet in the cockpit, then slumping heavily forward over the controls. The nose of the scout dropped and the machine fell away into the death spin.

It was the end of a gallant fight, fought by a gallant foe.

Circling widely, Von Sturm watched the Halberstadt scout spinning earthwards. His ammunition was all but done, and he knew the peril of lingering over German territory one moment longer than was necessary. At any instant other machines in search of him might come hurtling down from out of the blue.

But there was something in him stronger than himself which held him there above the machine which was spinning to destruction. Its pilot had fought a brave, courageous fight, worthy of the finest traditions of the air, and there was a chance that even yet his life could be saved, or at least his passing made more easy.

Pushing forward his control-stick, Von Sturm went diving earthwards in the wake of the spinning Halberstadt. But as he lost height, his goggle-protected eyes continually raked the sky outboards and behind for any sign of hostile aircraft.

With the instinct of the fighting pilot, Eberhard had switched off his engine, and the Halberstadt crashed heavily in a field bordering a smoken road. Before she struck, however, Von Sturm had landed.

Leaping from his cockpit, he ran towards the scene of the crash, spurning desperately as he saw a tongue of flame shoot up from amidst the tangle of wreckage.

With terrifying rapidity the flames spread, leaping high into the air with devouring roar. Protected by his heavy flying kit, Von Sturm plunged

into the raging inferno, groping with gloved hands for the limp, motionless form of the pilot. Choking and gasping, his face scorched and seared by the flames, he dragged the man clear. Then, lifting him in his arms, he staggered away from the blazing wreckage.

When out of the radius of over-powering heat, he gently lowered his burden to the ground. Rapidly he went to work, unstrapping the man's flying helmet and unbuttoning the charred leather flying coat. Suddenly, as he pulled off the unconscious pilot's goggles, he tensed.

"Eberhard!" he whispered.

More than once in the days which now were passed, he had ranged the Western Front in company with the grizzle-haired Eberhard. Together, with synchronised guns aflame, they had thundered down on Allied machines and fought great fights with enemy planes high above the battle smoke.

And now Eberhard lay dying, shot down by him whom he had known as friend.

Gently Von Sturm took the limp hand of Eberhard in his.

"It was you or I, old friend!" he whispered.

Almost as though he had heard the words, the eyes of the Herr Hauptmann Eberhard flickered open. For a long moment he gazed up at the pale, set face of the boy kneeling beside him. Then bravely his livid lips twitched into a smile.

"You got me—Guido!" he whispered, in voice so low that Von Sturm had to bend his head to catch the halting words. "Boy—boy, why have you deserted us?"

Sadly Von Sturm shook his head.

"I am no German, Eberhard," he answered. "My country is England!"

Eberhard was silent. And when next he spoke his whispered, halting words were scarce audible.

"And this is war," he said bitterly. "Friend against friend—brother against brother. God send the end of this is near—and God keep you, Guido—"

His hand in Von Sturm's stiffened. His glazing eyes slowly closed. His head fell limply back.

The Hauptmann Eberhard was dead.

Rising to his feet, Von Sturm stood a moment with head bowed. To its Maker he commended a gallant soul. That was all he now could do for the friend who had ridden the skies with him. Then, straightening up, he turned away towards his own machine.

As he did so he heard a shout. Looking round, he saw a squad of soldiers running along the road towards the scene of the crash. His first impulse was to run, but, stifling it, he continued almost casually on towards his machine. The soldiers were two hundred yards or more away, and if he started to run he might bring a fusillade of bullets about his head, despite the markings of the Iron Cross on the fuselage and wings of the Junker-Fokker.

Reaching the cockpit, he swung himself up and slumped into the pilot's seat. Even if these soldiers had orders to look out for the traitor, Von Sturm, they could not be certain that this was he—this pilot who, whilst ignoring them, seemed in no too great a hurry to leave the ground.

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PERIL FROM THE EAST!

(Continued from page 24.)

gates of Wharton Lodge, which were closed for the night.

There was a fat grin on Bunter's face now. At last—at long last—it was Bunter's win! Even those beasts could not kick him out when he arrived with Ferrers Locke; and once he had a footing in the Lodge, Bunter had no doubt that he would make his footing good till the end of the vacation. At long, long last all was calm and bright!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

At Last!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Mr. Locke—
"And Bunter—
And—and—"

"Who—what—what—"

"Great Scott!"

Amazed faces in the hall of Wharton Lodge greeted Ferrers Locke and his companions, when Wells admitted them.

Ferrers Locke had not been expected back till late, and certainly he had not been expected at all in such remarkable company.

"Good gad!" exclaimed Colonel Wharton, staring blankly at the handcuffed Chinaman. "Who—what—Mr. Locke—what—who—"

"The Chinaman, sir!" said Locke.

"My hat!" Bob Cherry gave a yell. "That's the Chink I saw in the train, Mr. Locke—the Chinaman who got out a station past Winford, and—and—"

"I had no doubt of it," said Ferrers Locke. "Colonel Wharton, no doubt you can accommodate me with a room to look this rascal in till the police can send for him. I will telephone at once!"

"Certainly, certainly!" gasped the amazed colonel. "But what—"

"He is charged with attempted murder!" said Locke. "Owing to Bunter being in an absurd disguise, for some absurd purpose of his own, he took him for Wun Lung—"

"Great gad!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Shut up, you fat ass! You're interrupting Mr. Locke!"

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"Bunter, without knowing it, has been very useful," he said. "This man will be kept safe now, and without danger to Wun Lung."

"Fancy Bunter being useful!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Well, he can't be ornamental!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

The prisoner did not speak. But his slanting eyes gleamed up at two Chinese faces looking down over the banisters.

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for our representative at the seaside resort you are visiting; he is giving away splendid prizes and thousands of attractive FREE gifts. Also numerous competitions will be held for which attractive prizes will be given. Very large quantities of small gifts will be distributed to readers who are seen making a prominent display of the

"Magnet."

"You velly bad man!" said Wun Lung. "You gocy along chokee, all samee Chu."

"Plenty chokee, you plenty muchee lascal!" said Hop H.

Fu did not speak.

He was taken away to a room and locked in, the handcuffs still on his wrists, and Ferrers Locke went to the telephone. The detective was in a mood of great satisfaction. The problem that had seemed so difficult a one had been solved for him suddenly, and there was no doubt that Billy Bunter, though quite unintentionally, had come in remarkably useful for once. Bunter, naturally, was disposed to make the most of it.

"I say, you fellows," said the Owl of the Remora, while Locke was busy at the telephone, and the colonel had gone to superintend the safe disposal of Fu Long. "I say, you've treated me rottenly—and that little beast, Wun Lung, has been fearfully ungrateful—but I've turned out the right man in the right place, as usual—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Fatter ole Bunter velly funnee."

"I don't mind telling you now," continued Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five, "why I put on this Chinese rig. Now it's been an absolute success, I'll tell you! My idea was to draw the danger on me—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"To draw the danger on me," said Bunter firmly. "You fellows would not have done it! It was risky—it needed boundless pluck. But it was me all over. Knowing that there was danger—fearful danger—I drew it on myself, and if you don't believe me—"

"Believe you!" gasped Wharton. "My hat!"

"The believableness is not terrific!"

"Well, you can ask Mr. Locke," said Bunter. "He knows that that Chinese villain took me for Wun Lung, as I planned all along—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You fearful fibber!"

"Bump him!"

"Here, I say, you fellows, no larks!" yelled Bunter. "I say, keep off—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat villain!" said Harry Wharton. "Don't tell any more whoppers. But as Mr. Locke has put in a word for you, you can stay—"

"If you put it like that, Wharton, I certainly shall not stay!" said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

"Well, I do put it like that!"

"My dear chap, it's all right. I'll stay, as you're so jolly pressing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Bunter stayed.

THE END.

("THE FOE FROM THE SKY!" is the title of next week's powerful holiday story of the Greysfriars chums. Don't miss reading this, whatever you do!)

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ANOTHER AMAZING BURGLARY

JOTLAND YARD'S THEORY



The wave of crime in the Remove is spreading. Hot on the heels of the burglary in Lord Mansfield's study comes the rown that the tuckshop has been broken into and foodstuffs to the value of ten pounds removed. It will be remembered that a cake and some doughnuts were stolen from Maury's study, and Jotland Yard are of the opinion that the same person is responsible for both crimes.

Detective Penfold—who is in charge of the other case—called at the tuckshop immediately the news was received. He found Mrs. Nimble very worried.

"Shortly after I closed the shop," she said, "I came back again to get something, and found the place cleared out."

"What's missing, ma'am?" asked Detective Penfold. "These burglaries must stop. It's getting Grayfriars a bad name."

Mrs. Nimble went into the back-room a moment, and Detective Penfold managed to thrust a tin of toffee into his pocket before she returned. She was holding a grubby-looking handkerchief as she came back.

"I found this on the floor when I looked round," said Mrs. Penfold. "It may have been dropped by the thief."

Penfold examined it, and said, "I know 'Impossible' this is. It's Bun-ter's."

"Then I don't imagine who can have done it. There was a beautiful Genoa cake here, and some Maids of Honour which were fresh this afternoon. To say nothing of three dozen sausage rolls and some apricot tarts. Everything is stolen. Booby!"

Mrs. Nimble started weeping, and Detective Penfold, who hated to see a woman

crying, shut his eyes. He put up his umbrella, and seeing that Mrs. Nimble was hiding her eyes in a hanky, he hooked a jar of chocolate and left the shop.

He called at Bludy No. 7 to return Bunter's handkerchief. Mr. Bunter was within, enjoying a spread.

"I say, Penfold," he exclaimed, "as the detective entered, he sat down and took in, old fellow! My treat!"

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Penfold. "Have you had a fortune left you?"

"Nunno! I—I had a cheque from a titled relation. Have some cake, old chap. It's real Genoa—absolutely prime. What about one of those apricot tarts—don't take the lot, you beast—one, I said. I say, these Maids of Honour are prime, as are the sausage rolls. What are you looking worried about?"

"Why, it's no secret," Penfold informed him. "There's been a burglary at the tuckshop, and we can't seem to discover the criminal."

Mr. Bunter laughed uneasily.

"Do you suspect anybody?"

"No. The burglar has got away without leaving a trace. We've absolutely baffled. There's no one of any sort—apart from the fact that Lord Mansfield has stated that he is fat. By the way, I've brought your handkerchief along. You dropped it in the tuckshop."

"Oh, thanks!"

LATER, up to the moment of going to press, Jotland Yard have not discovered the criminal. Detective Penfold and Morgan have been working feverishly, putting questions to everybody in the school. They are completely baffled. The sheer stupidity of the crime makes it certain that it is the work of a master criminal; but owing to the fact that there are no clues, it is impossible to trace him. Jotland Yard have called him "Nemo," in their records—which is Latin for "nobody." Any further exploits of Nemo, the master-criminal, will be recorded in the next issue.

can't stop to write any more. I must finish the five hundred lines. Quickly gave me for shuffling my feet in the classroom this morning.

HOW TO BE MODEST. By Horace James Coker. (Sam Ltd & Co. 7s. 6d.). A very fine book by a master of the subject. Mr. Coker says: "Never imagine that you can do anything better than another fellow. Pride is one of the seven deadly sins. Always take a back place and you will be popular with your friends. Above all, never resort to flattery. Brutal bragging is a very horrible thing." After reading this I feel I can safely go and call Coker a bawling fifth form fathead (which he is). I am sure he will not resort to flattery. (An hour later). Ow-wow-wow! He did resort to flattery—the beast! This is a rotten book. I advise you not to buy it. That is very true, and—sorry, I

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION BY THE SCHOOLBOYS OF GREYFRIARS!

Confidential Herald

SHOCKING INTERRUPTUM AT SPEED TRIALS

RECORD BROKEN AND HEADS (NEARLY)

There was a good attendance at the Remove speed contest for sliding down the banisters to-day. The record is held by Mr. Cherry, who accomplished the descent to the ground floor in twelve seconds dead—and also slightly injured. Mr. Skinner provided the first sensation by reaching the ground floor in two seconds and a half, but as he left the banisters on the way down, and fell perpendicularly, he was disqualified.

After Mr. Skinner had been conveyed to the Cottage Hospital, Mr. Vernon-Smith put up a very fine performance by covering the distance in eleven and one-fifth seconds. He did not walk, however, to hear the cheering of the crowd. He hurried away to obtain a new pair of trousers, which was very necessary if he was to pass the season.

Good performances were put up by Mr. Wharton, Mr. Faba, and Mr. Cherry. But as Mr. P. Todd clambered on to the banisters to make his attempt, an unlooked-for interruption occurred.

Mr. George Wingate, M.P. (Mighty Pretext) and Mr. Henry Samuel Quelch, M.A. (Mighty Angry) arrived on the scene. Mr. Wingate ordered Todd to



"DOTTED ME ON THE BOKO!"

SCENE IN COURT

BOLSOVER MAJOR IN DOCK

Before Mr. Justice Wharton, at the Rag Bazaar, Percy Bolsover (W.O.B.) was accused of brutally assaulting a person who was a trifle "leopy."

The Judge: "What? Hitting a poor man? What do you mean by it, you great lout! Can't you pick out a man in the right mind to thrash?"

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: "The accused has a very bad reputation, your lordship. He ought to be transported for life, why, only the other day he transported me on the boko." (Laughter and some cheering.)

The Judge (frowning): "Order! I have to tell my learned friend that 'dotted me on the boko' is not Parliamentary language. You should have said, 'He socked me on the moult, or busted me on the snoot.'"

Mr. Cherry: "Did he? I didn't know he did, so I couldn't say it." (Laughter.)

The Judge: "This is a very serious case. I suppose the poor man fell down. Is Alonzo Todd—just about the prisoner's mark?"

Bolsover Major: "Look here—"

The Judge: "Impossible! I have left my blue glasses in my study, and my eyes aren't strong enough to bear the sight of your features." At this point it was noticed that the jury were not paying much attention to the case, owing to

BLACKMAIL A SPECIALITY

BARGAINS IN IMPOSITIONS

NOTICE! Will the Greyfriars boy who knocked off P. G. Toner's helmet with a turf last night kindly report immediately to the police station in Friesland, where he will hear something very much to his advantage.

LINES! LINES! LINES! I have quickly given you any lines this morning? If so, I guess you can't do better than money along to the FISHER, T. FISHER LINE-WRITING BUREAU. Lines written in any handwriting by expert forgers. Moderate prices. Virgil: 1s. 6d. per 100. George, 2s. 6d. each. Euclid, 6d. per problem. SPECIAL OFFER TO FAGS! Job lot of lines from "De Belle Galilee" going cheap—4d. per 100. This is a good line, I guess. WRITE FOR SPECIAL PRICE LIST. No obligation to buy. Our GRAND SALE of first-class impositions takes place next week. WALK UP, YOU JAYS! F. T. Fish Line-Writing Bureau. Bludy No. 14.

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POR SAIL. Postal order for £1. Will take nickerten bob for it. Unfortunately the postal order hasn't arrived yet; but it will be at Greyfriars this evening. Chance for a real bargain to any fellow who wants to get rich quick. Bring me the £10, and I will hand over the postal order when it comes. W. G. Bunter. Bludy No. 7.

NOTICE! Some shocking bawdier has been going through my wardrobe and has pinched all my clothes. If I find the criminal, I'll make him bond over my wife while I raise my foot and kick him. That's a tip. Lord Mansfield. Bludy No. 12.

NOO KOMPANY JUST STARTED. The Remove Hosiery Kompany, under direction of Mr. William George Bunter. Special bargains in noo and partly-worn clothes. Fanny waistcoats, 10s. each. Trousers in any pattern, 12s. 6d. Ties, selected, 3 bob a pare. Don't miss this great opportunity. Roll up and buy. The Remove Hosiery Co., Bludy No. 1.

PUBLIC EXECUTION AUBREY ANGEL GOES THROUGH THE HOOP

(By Our Special Correspondent Dick Penfold.)

(Editor's Note.—Several readers having pointed out that Penfold's last report, which was supposed to be in prose, was really in verse, with all the words rhyming, we have promised that misguided youth a second bumping if he writes any more poetry. This has evidently frightened him, for we have gone carefully through this report, and cannot find a single word that rhymes.)

Angel of the Fourth, you know, is rather fond of sin. At midnight's hour he likes to go and wriggle at an inn. He smokes and bets and gambles, too, and doesn't care a fig. He does things that he shouldn't do because he thinks it big.

One day he boasted how the Hood and proteote were done brown, before he went and visited a tavern in the town. But

Wingate heard a yarn about the tales we'd heard him tell. He followed him and found him out. (He found him in, as well.)

Now Angel knows it doesn't pay. His pride has had a fall. The dog-ging came off yesterday at three o'clock in Hall. The massive door were opened wide; admission was quite free. As one man we were wedged in-side to see what we should see.



The Hood was looking very stern as he strode on the scene, while Angel was observed to turn a pretty shade of green. The Hood said: "Boy, your character and looks are both disfigured. Your name's the only part of you that's any good." (We mumbled.) "You're broken bound, gone out of gale, partaken of the cup that cheers and yet inebriated. Now—Goddling, take him up!"

The porter took him up. The Hood then birched him black and blue. And the only words that Angel said were: "Ow-wow-wow! Yessoooh!" "Be silent, Sir!" the Doctor ordered in tones abrupt and curt. But Angel's yell rang far and wide. (We thought he must be hurt.)

But that's enough. I can't go on with this report of gloom. I'll go and buy some flowers upon poor Aubrey Angel's tomb.

(Continued from the fourth column.)

The prisoner—the seemed annoyed about something—was removed to Friesland by several constables.

Mr. Skinner, K.C.: "By the way, your lordship, Bolsover didn't attack Alonzo Todd. It was Coker that he thrashed!"

The Judge: "My only hat! He, ha, ha, ha!" But justice must be done. It's the jury's fault. They found him guilty. Crowded that jury into the dock, you men."

The Jury: "Whoooop! Leggo!"

The Judge (sternly): "You have caused a very grave miscarriage of justice—you twelve. You have found a perfectly innocent bloke guilty. You are now sentenced to follow Bolsover major into the duck-pond."

After that his lordship went in to lunch.